

DISCORDER

October 1992

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DISCORDER

OCTOBER 1992 · ISSUE #117

"...last night I dreamt that Rollins was my roommate. I don't remember ever seeing him or hearing him say 'Man, you gotta do the dishes, you gotta get your shit together! You can't avoid dishes all your life!'. But I do remember the atmosphere being very tense. He committed suicide, though...he just didn't come home one night." -Anthony

IRREGULARS

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They're really nice if you can get them out of the van.....13

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HIGHWOOD TO HELL

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COVER

Ya' know, we completely forgot this was the month of goblins, ghouls and Courtney Love's photo in *Vanity Fair*...hope this scary piece of art by NEOS makes up for it. BOO!

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SUBSCRIPTIONS/MAIL DISTRIBUTION: Linda Scholten & Co.
TECHNICAL SUPPORT: Macintosh II & staff, Bill Baker, Copyright
PUBLISHER: Mr. Kevin Smith

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Deadline for ads and submissions is the 15th of the month.

"...get Rollins to do one of those home exercise tapes, but leave it around housework. Don't think about vacuuming...DO IT! DO IT! DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!"

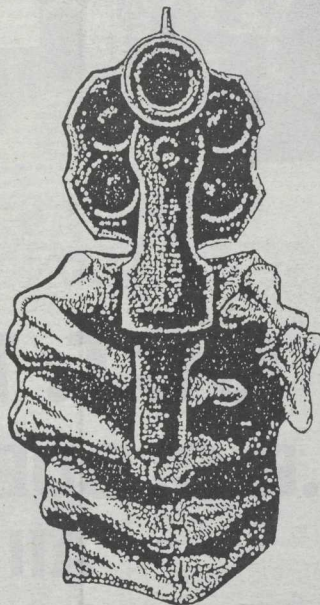
CTR 101.9 FM is 1800 watts of energetic bliss from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock.

Discorder is 32 pages of punk rock readability put together by an overworked and underpaid staff of elitist snots who think they know everything and anything about everything you don't...and have the right to tell you about it. We'll also sell you the meaning of "alternative" which we have hermetically sealed in an empty Skippy® Peanutbutter jar...for a 14¢ sum and your feedback.

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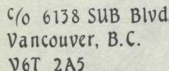
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ALTERNATIVE UBERALLES

It may or may not be of help but both our sons have not been able to put down a guitar since an early age (despite Peter always being good at science subjects in school). We have never approved of their pop group but understand that they may have been lured to the United States by something they read on a record label, about a Mr. Savage, who apparently used to manage another pop singer named Michael Jackson.

month ever really talked to any of them or even bothered to try? They have a lot of soul and ultimately truly believe in their music and fashion and statement. Just like every other faction of the scene does. (My next question is why can't all these factions pull together and support each other instead of taking potshots at one another?) Gods are not all the morbid, nihilistic self-serving creatures that you all portray them to be. Have you ever bothered to try and

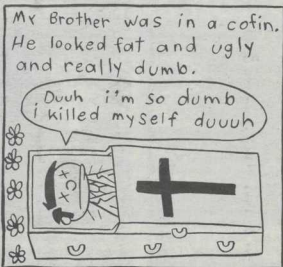
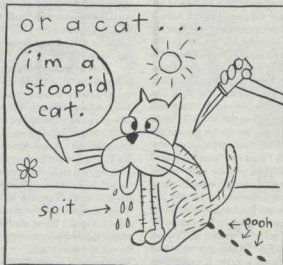
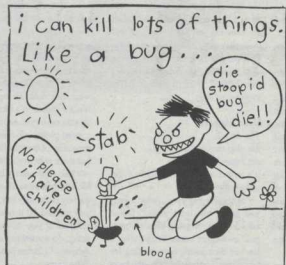
Oh, and one more tale from the Luvafair dark side, *Classix Nite* once again and *Hawkes* played Ska. The Mods go skanking and Miss I'm so Blonde and trendy and ultra-beautiful in my latest and expensive designer wear from Robson Street that everyone just look at me while I stand right here in the middle of a mosh and do my routine of a thousand and one poses with only a single cigarette and ridicule the way they are dancing because I don't like this music - with my "friends" of the

The laws, customs, government, schools, entertainment are riddled with support mechanisms for religion; we're acculturated to accept this fantasy world. But, I'm not obligated to close my mind and blindly worship a nonexistent god in hopes of entering a nonexistent heaven just because Christianity is the most dominant and well-funded religion.

Hopefully not too much confusion was created by this minor error last month.

**Robert Logan, Claw Records
Vancouver**

MY BROTHER'S FUNERAL by KEVIN RECORD age 7½





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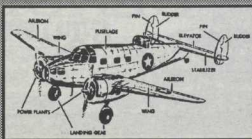
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**AND
PURR.**



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The reasons for which we exist are counterinformation and communication; self-production and self-management are our practice; the method we use to diffuse what we believe in.

Today, when social control is getting stricter and in power of the few, this release wants to be once again a testimonial of our refusal of this system based on censorship and control.

Against the recuperation of every type of creativity and expression by authoritarian society through promoting puppets, stars, etc., to reinforce both the music business as mass consumption and the culture of "not thinking," we claim the right to manage what we produce and to grow with this our anti-authoritative activity.

We believe in these methods rather than the usual ones that we're all familiar with, of groups of people that pretend to be against the logic of authority, but in reality, agree with the role of managers, organizers, producers, rock stars, record labels etc., that maintain and legitimize capitalism rather than destroy it.

Never let others decide for you.

- *Chiediti il Perche*

A couple months back *Disorder* brought you a glimpse on an *DS-Cross* modeled Italian anarcho-hardcore outfit called Kina, while dropping some other band names that share a similar distaste for capitalist ideology, its culture and institutions in both that country and globally. Having released a demo tape, *Operazione Quotidiano*, an LP, *Chiediti il Perche* (ask Yourself Why), and set to release their new album is one of those bands from Modena, meet *Inferzone*.

Disorder: A bit of your history and the Italian scene...? **Enrico:** We've been together since '85, playing about 100 shows in non-commercial venues for the most part. Our most memorable shows were in Stuttgart playing for political prisoners, and a fundraising initiative for the Animal Liberation Front that we did in Milan with Verbal Assault. We make every attempt to participate in performances with similar groups who believe that music is a means of expression and not a means of making money.

Claudio: A scene exists however we must point out that few groups are politically involved, against popular ideology or militarism, against police violence, or sexism and vivisection. We think in other countries there exist more groups

that are politically involved, however, the Italian political scene is less intense than that of foreign countries.

Do you believe music has the potential of changing elements in society? Do you honestly believe the attitudes of those people that come to your shows or purchase your records change with any significance?

Enrico: Certainly. Music is a viable instrument to communicate ideas which brings with it the potential of changing things about society. In regards to the mentalities of people who listen to us, we can say that many of them, thanks to our contract, have become more active. At the end of our concerts we refuse autographs and rather enjoy talking to people that have come to the gig. We don't beg people to buy our discs, rather to write us and exchange ideas.

There's much apathy among Italian youth, correct? Where do you think this stems from?

Claudio: Kids think they are free because they enjoy a certain level of comfort. For instance, designer clothes and a new car. This prosperity that arrives from consumerism brings apathy. The governments of advanced capitalist countries are interested in advancing consumerism in order to advance apathy. In accepting this state of affairs people are victimized by the political and economic designs of the government.

What do you think of groups like Suicidal Tendencies or Metallica that exist within the recording monopoly yet at the same time do and say what they want?

Enrico: What it comes down to is that everyone has the right to do what they want. We also think

that working for a multinational corporation brings with it a certain contradiction. For instance, Metallica, seem decidedly contradictory badmouthing bosses and puppets, yet it is with the heads of these corporations that they signed their recording contracts.

You document much police violence on *Chiediti il Perche*. What's up?

Claudio: Police throughout the world have massacred and executed millions of people. In the last 100 years Italian police have killed at least 20,000 people at rallies. For this reason we believe that the people and the military are the right hand of the powerful, utilized to defend constitutional law and order through an unjust system based on taking advantage of people and control over others.

In reference to "Instituzione 'Macho'" what the hell were Italians thinking when they voted Ms. Staller into parliament?

Enrico: We are against all forms of parliamentarism. We feel any member of parliament or politician cannot do well for the people but does only to benefit themselves and the status quo. While it's true Staller hasn't done anything for women's rights, there exist many female deputies who haven't done anything for women's rights either. The situation remains: women continue to be violated in the streets of our metropolises without anyone doing anything which goes to prove how women's liberation in Italy and in other democratic regimes is a far cry from being realized.

Is there much interest in envi-

ronmental issues among Italians considering the destruction of your oceans by multinationals operating in your country?

Claudio: Many people are interested in the ecological problem in Italy, however, many individuals are searching to cash in on this situation and to have their voices heard in parliament. The only true ecologists to commend are those grassroots groups which continue to boycott and involve themselves in direct action against industries which pollute. The severity of the ecological disaster that occurred in the Ligure Sea was minimized and given less priority by all the Italian politicians whose stake in the selling of petroleum led to a cover-up of these ecological disasters.

Does much animal experimentation occur in Italian universities?

Enrico: Yes, experiments on live

by Lloyd Uliana

animals are commonplace at Italian universities. We know of instances where students and professors refused to practice on live animals and suffered consequences from their faculties as a result of this.

Anything else you'd like to mention?

Claudio: All our activity, politically and musically, revolves around the construction of an egalitarian and free society. To achieve this we call for a social revolution that will destroy the state organizations, paving a pathway for a self-run society, free of any kind of barrier, ideological, geographical or political.

Contact:
Inferzone
c/o Enrico Manicardi
Via Degli Esposti 2
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Italy



READ DISORDER

JERRY A DOES!

Yessir, the Big Man of Portland Punk Rock does indeed use *Disorder* as his most up-to-date reference on the happenings of his band. Poison Idea, as well as whatever else might be going down at any particular moment in the world of rock-related musics. And now that *Disorder* is distributed in his home town, he can regularly enjoy the insightful and witty journalism pouring forth from *That Magazine* FROM CITRUM...but why take the chance that you might miss an issue? Or perhaps you hate Portland?

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8 DISORDER

DEADBEAT STUDIOS

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New Zealand's The Chills have been playing and recording their unique brand of icy-yet-warm pop music for over a decade, and through dozens of lineup changes. Embracing a full, lush guitar and keyboard sound, anchored by lead Chili Martin Phillips' fragile, engaging voice and canny songwriting, the unpolished band has released only a handful of records; among them *Brown World*, 1990's *Submarine Bells* and, most recently, *Soft Bomb*.

The current lineup of the Chills — Terry Moore (bass), Steven Schayer (guitar), Lisa Mednick (keyboards), and Craig Ackroyd (drums) — came through Vancouver on the *Soft Bomb* tour. But are they also destined to fall into that ever growing category of New Zealand music, the ex-chill?

"No, they're going to stay on. We're going to try writing more as a band after this," Phillips says. An amiable, thoughtful man in his late twenties, Phillips still feels allegiance to the scene that spawned his band. In New Zealand the Chills are still signed to their original label, Flying Nun. (In the rest of the world they are signed to Slash, or "Sleash" as Phillips pronounces.) And so, "the ethics and ideals of what we're doing have stayed very true to the original."

This hasn't stopped the band from becoming one of New Zealand's best known musical exports. "I've always been lucky in that what I've done has been more commercially viable than some of our peers. We've always had a slight pop content, always with, particularly live, a lot harder sort of edge to it; a lot more energy. In effect the latter is turning out to be in the long run one of our best assets. We're lucky there's a punch to what we're doing otherwise we'd just be another jangly guitar band."

When they began playing Phillips says there was a real effort on the parts of all the bands "not to be a bunch of poseurs and get dressed up in punk rock outfits. Any excessive movement was kind of like, 'Oh, he's trying to

sell out, he's struck by stardom.'"

Besides the isolation from what was happening in the rest of the world, New Zealand afforded their indie bands "the luxury of time as well, 'cos until Flying Nun came along there was no hope of getting in signed."

by

any-

body.

There was

no rivalry at all.

People shared

equipment, band members.

A band like ourselves and the

Verlaines have shared at least five

members I think. It was just like a

real big fan club in a way. We

could speed off into the country in

our vans in Auckland and tour the

whole country just by staying at

somebody's house, purely because

they were into the same sort of

music we were. Now it's funny

talking to bands in New Zealand

and finding out that bands don't

need each other's equipment and

that to stay each other's gigs

and stuff."

Phillips still lives in

Dunedin, as much as he can.

"Dunedin's still home for me, my

parents still live there. It's the

only place in the world that's ac-

tually mine. The countryside

around Dunedin, the Tiger Peninsula,

is a really rich environment.

No matter how much travel around

the world I always try to keep a

home base to have access to that

kind of land. It's a great place to

go and find yourself on a massive

beach with nobody else there."

No doubt this has contrib-

uted to an environmental theme

running through the music, from

the packaging (the last two re-

leases have included information

on Greenpeace and environmental

hazards) to the actual lyrical

content of songs like "I Soar."

Phillips seems more committed

than other artists who just seem to

be along for the ride. "It's funny

how many people say that all we've

done is put information in the

booklet. Some people do say, 'Well, you're jumping on the bandwagon,' but I think you have to rise above

things. And there's some environmental comment in the music, deliberately not enough to date

songs and posters can become very important, people can make a huge difference. But then I think 'Well, that was then.' Now, so much more is tied up in it. If there's the slightest

chance of your music making

darkier nature ("Male Monster from the Jell") to the irrational fears that plague our lives ("Water Wolves"). "I'm not the world's bravest person, anyway. It's still difficult for me to get up on a stage in front of a crowd and start singing, it's kind of alien to the way I normally am. It really frustrates me to see people who wanna be doing things, who aren't, and find excuses for it."

Asked if he's a comics fan — there's a reference to *Swamp Thing* in *Submarine Bells* — "Don't Be Memory" — Phillips says, "Yeah, a big comics fan," and whips out a little black book and starts reeling off all the titles he has complete collections of.

"Blood, Books of Magic, Crisis, Cull, Give Me Liberty, Hellblazer, M. Howard the Duck, Longshot, Miracle Man, Plastic Fantastic, Sandman, Silver Teardrop, Swamp Thing, 2000 A.D., Watchmen, V for Vendetta, Kid Eternity.... I'm still collecting *Animal Man*, *Big Numbers*, and *Cages*. *Concrete* I've just started on; *Cerebus* I've just started on; *Doom Patrol*. *Hate*. He's great, what's his name, Peter Bagge? *Shade the Changing Man*. *Yummy Fur* I really like. *Neat Stuff*, *Chew*. No."

Love and Rockets? "Yeah, I don't collect the comic, I just get the books. They're wonderful, they're like Garcia Marquez, whatever his name is... I love magic realism."

Yeah. There are no Canadian magic realist authors....

"I bet there are in Eskimo culture. One Eskimo I really love is good quality, old animated cartoons. My friend has a collection from around the world and there's a beautiful one done of black sand on glass of an old Eskimo legend. I think it was of an owl and a goose falling in love with each other, and the goose wants to fly south for the winter, and the owl kind of tries to follow along but eventually falls in the water and drowns. It was a really sad story but beautifully done with an Eskimo kind and this gorgeous old Eskimo in the background while the black sand shifted around them through out the story."

Hmm. Sounds like there could be a Chills song in there.

The Chills

by Shawn Conner

that sort of criticism and everybody should be doing what they can to make things better. It still seems like a superficial thing to do in a way but I feel much more comfortable printing factual information about the music."

"And, yeah, being from New Zealand could be part of it, the fact that as an island nation we're more aware of our environment. Most of the population is living within view of the sea, that's defini-



tion in a booklet that people can assimilate at their own pace. Hopefully, the overall message they're getting from the Chills music is of rising above everything and realizing it's in your power to change

minely part of it. At the same time I'm very skeptical, the more I learn about history, the more I realize that people, the arts actually, can make a real impact. In times of revolution and so forth, stirring

"For example, in New Zealand it was discovered that most fire alarm sensors contain nuclear waste shipped from America, in little capsules. [The U.S.] had found a way of getting rid of them. We were talking about this last night in front of our manager from L.A. and he was absolutely shocked, he's never heard any mention of this in the States. It's a tiny little amount but if you get half a million of these things... they're going to be run over by bulldozers, burned in house fires and released into the atmosphere. It's just amazing all the stuff going on. So it's scary but I'm very skeptical of the ability of rock music to change anything anyway. The audience we have now is pretty liberal, reasonably well-informed, they've already made up their minds anyway."

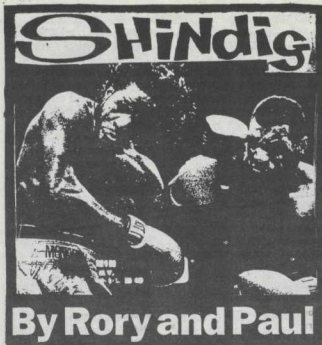
"My more positive side looks at someone like Billy Bragg and realizes that he's held in very high esteem by people in unions. There is a way, if you can put into words something that other people can't, that can solidify something make it all worth it."

Fear seems to be a theme running through Phillips' lyrics, from the fear of his own

HANG IN THERE, BABY!

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LIVE ON THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL
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OCTOBER 8 JUMBO CROSS
OCTOBER 15 from Victoria, CLOSETMAN
OCTOBER 22 A CARTOON SWEAR
OCTOBER 29 TEN FEET TALL



The leaves are falling, the kids are back in school...it must be time for legions of mud-caked garage bands to wail forth and make some ugly noise. (Unlike the Emerald City to the south of our 49th parallel, Vancouver doesn't do this all the time: the timing's gotta be on, the atmosphere just right, and a new bunch of hucksters have to be prepared to unleash their witty repertoire to the scathing judging of audience members during "Jokes For Beer".

Let us give thanks for Shindig, an opportunity for those untamed, underground underlings of the un-

derworld [nice alliteration, Rory!] [thanks Paul.] to be exposed to the harsh spotlight of fame and "fabulous" prizes. And believe me, that spotlight can all too often be harsh. But those that suffer the severe scrutiny of the elite judging panel may soon find themselves swathed in the arms of the paparazzi, or in the company of strangers at the local detox centre (fame is what you make of it).

Shindig is already underway at the Railway, every Monday night from now until December...27 bands culled from a whopping 60+ entries (is that some kind record?) will pa-

rade across the Railway's historic stage; 3 of them appeared on Night One of Round One on Sept. 14:

The Lonesome Canadians: Our first combo was a four-piece who featured a quirky and eclectic grab-bag of styles and sounds during their set. I enjoyed them, but not enough to make the singer's obvious David Byrne infatuation any less irritating. The band's stage personality was rather introverted, which made the lyrical and between-song jokes and witticisms seem kind of...oblique. Still, enjoyable and fun.

This is where I'll have to disagree with you Rory. I found the Lonesome Canadians to be a rather original combo who incorporated the best elements of Jimmy Buffet and the Rascals into a slightly nerdy way. Agreed, a little too heavy on the David Byrne thang, but a band with a direction and that direction being "Margerville"...or should I say "Merville"?

Stick Monkey: Stick Monkey were about 60 dB louder than The Lonesome Canucks, which certainly gets the band noticed when they play in the intimate confines of a small venue like the Railway. Although their music and lyrics were very cliché and derivative, pretty much anything in the pop-punk-metal camp can't help but be so (At least they aren't a Dino Jr./SY ripoff, eh Paul?). I guess what I liked about them was the singer's smooth and powerful vocals, and I always think Kurt (ex-Curious George guitarist) has the most hilarious stage presence...he's a sorta Joey Ramone!

Keith Richards at 17 hybrid. Again, enjoyable and fun.

We just can't seem to click on any of these bands can we Rory? I'm sorry, but just because the Urge Overkill wannabe guitarist (fashion-wise) has roots in the over-rated Curious George isn't reason enough for me to dig their scene. This was the most contrived set of predictable musical rehashings that I've ever heard. You know, I knew this band was going to win all along, sadly enough, because it seems that Shindig has become more of a loud rock event than anything else. Crucify me for wanting to bring a band with talent and originality, rather than the sheer ability to play loud, into the winner's circle.

The Cretins: Ugh, these guys were pretty awful. I know what a tricky can of beans the old "I hate telephone-operator headset mikes" argument can be, so maybe I just won't try.

Sophomoric lyrics, weak music. Not enjoyable, and not much fun either.

Rory, we've done it...words can't say how much I've enjoyed this. Let's try...my sphincter tightened.



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VIDEOFILTER TANIA BOLSKAYA

One month's absence behind me and I return to these hallowed pages bearing cinematic news, vital and triumphant. Like the Phoenix, that mythical bird of regeneration, I have risen from the ashes of my geeky adolescence to find that those things I hold nearest and dearest to my psyche — independent cinema, cutting edge music, and complete ambivalence in the face of earnestness — have been accepted as legitimately cool by vast numbers of the general public. While this popular embrace of all things alternative has created some difficulties in my day to day existence — line-ups and cover charges every night of the week at all the clubs, decent bands are forced to play large sit-down venues for annoyingly inattentive teenie-boppers, and while I have to parade around in \$10 canvas sneakers my thirteen year old sister sports mom-bought Dr. Martens — it has also made a few

aspects of immortality worth living. This year's Vancouver International Film Festival is a case in point.

Film festivals generally include independently produced films in their repertoires, but in carving it's niche in the world of international gals the directors of the VIFF have chosen to stay completely away from Hollywood extravaganzas and are actively enticing the participation of the world's principle filmmakers. "For a city of [Vancouver's] population," say those in the know, "we have an extraordinary appetite for more adventurous programming." Maybe it's that Pacific Northwest zen quirkiness thing, but to quote the *Kids in the Hall*, "I'm not going to jinx it by talking about it."

Among the showcased collections of filmwork so hard-edged it makes Cannes look like Silly Putty™ are such groupings as *Dragons* and *Tigers*: The Cinema of East Asia,

Canadian Images, Young Americans, The Gulf War and Other Non-Fiction Features, and Walk on the Wild Side. While the festival programmers have restrained their imaginations in their designation of series titles, nothing has held them back from selecting the weirdest, wackiest, and often most controversial movies available on the international scene.

Fans of schlock cinema will be impressed with the midnight screenings of the *Walk on the Wild Side* series. "Campy," "kitschy," "hilariously sick," and "gleeful shocker" are but a few of the colorful descriptions of this "extravaganza of excess."

However, the key film of this series looks to be the ultra-serious *Romper Stomper*. Australian Geoffrey Wright's "uncompromising and aggressive" film chronicling the lives of skinheads and their racist-oriented battles with Vietnamese gang bangers in Melbourne. Compared to *A Clockwork Orange* "without the intellect," the film is said to be "well acted with a certain slickness but rarely has there been such a disturbing, essentially misconceived pic."

On a more consistently light note, the *Canadian Images* series is dominated this year by gloriously dark humour. Though a few forehead wrinkling flicks have seeped into the lineup, this series primarily demonstrates that avant garde, black comedy is a nation-wide phenomenon. *Leolo*, listed as "an audacious and totally original comedy...startling and erotic," opens the series. An unexpectedly huge hit at Cannes, where audiences had enough good taste to boo David Lynch's *Fire Walk With Me* off the screen, *Leolo* is bound to be a VIFF favorite. If you're

looking for a no-miss way to support Canadian cinema with your \$6, check out *And Now For Something Completely Canadian*. A series of four shorts and a new Hard Rock Miners video, names like Bruce McCullough (*Kids in the Hall*) as director of *Colelaw Warehouse*, Don McKellar (*Highway 61*'s co-writer and star) as director of *Blue*, and David Cronenberg (yes, that David Cronenberg) as star of *Blue*, ensure that And Now For Something Completely Canadian lives up to it's press kit description as "a unique evening of Canadian comedy films at its best...you know, weird, cynical, black and - very, very funny."

If you have a pathological fear of laughter, *The Gulf War and Other Non-Fiction Features* is probably the series for you. Tackling such bullies as the Gulf War and the powers involved in that little skirmish, the media, the Canadian prison system, third world imperialism, anti-gay legislation, the big business of entertainment, and macho fadexes, documentaries of varied experience will be ready to joust with your perceptions, views, and political inactivity. Says festival director Alan Franey, "Each of the documentaries unveils information that will challenge received opinion on many of today's most burning issues." No holds barred seriousness is not mandatory for documentary features, however, and 1992's VIFF includes a diverse mix of non-fiction subjects, from influential gay artist Tom of Finland to legendary New York City party-crasher Richard Osterweil, to the changing role of physical fitness in America. Also included are the academy award-winning *In the Shadow of the Stars* and Michael Moore's sequel to

Roger and Me, Pets or Meat: The Return to Flint.

A potentially riveting documentary yet to be made is *The New Xenophobia: Asian Immigration to B.C. in the Late Twentieth Century*. If you know any prospective human subjects for such a film, you may want to drag them out to one of the features in *Dragons and Tigers: The Cinema of East Asia* for some cultural enlightenment. Dominated by international premieres, the format for this series has been altered from last year's Pacific Rim showcase to focus specifically on Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Thai, Taiwanese, Filipino and Hong Kong artists. Also different, this year there is "a deliberate emphasis on young, independent filmmakers working outside their film industry." Towards fearing inaccessible art need not avoid this series. Many of the films' synopses read like a Hollywood summer feature guide, full of guns, money, gambling, bad women, and bad men.

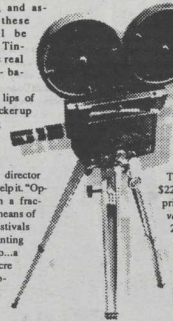
Hopefully, and assuredly, these films will be lacking in Tinseltown's real speciality - banality.

If the lips of the VIFFpuckerup to something this year it won't be banality, at least not if director Franey can help it. "Operating with a fraction of the means of the big festivals and not wanting to sink into a more mediocre way of approaching things, [by] just taking

what's provided through the commercial marketplace, we're hoping...to carve an identity for going out and seeking new things, having strong premises, and having an audience that supports it in a very intelligent and independent way. That's what makes festivals exciting and that's why the people who supply us with the films are rewarded for their participation." I, for one, will be there, seeking out new alternative avenues and a haven from over-exploited flannel-wearing, tattoo-sporting, rebel middle-class corporate marketing targets.

THE NUMBERS PARAGRAPH
The Vancouver International Film Festival will feature 225 films at 6 venues over a course of 17 days, October 2-18. There will be screened 50 Canadian films, including 23 from B.C., 65 premieres, including 18 international and 17 continental premieres, and 6 midnight showings. Individual tickets are \$6.50 and \$4.00 for seniors and the disabled. Maintenance passes are \$4.00. Gold passes are \$150, daytime passes are \$50, in-

dustry passes are \$125, film student passes are \$75, and discount passes are \$55 for 10 tickets. VIP passes, which include admission to all films and to the festival's Industry Trade Forum, are \$225. Schedules will be printed in the Vancouver Sun Friday, Sept. 24. There is a Festival information hotline number at 685-8352. Stay tuned to CTR 101.9 fm for film reviews and give-aways!



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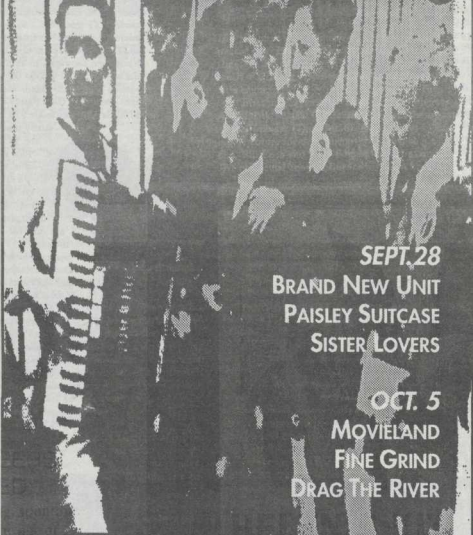
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"We're not difficult to interview, we're impossible!" — John K.

Fifteen or twenty fleeting minutes? Not a lot on the cosmic time scale. So you feel the same yesterday as today...five minutes ago? Sometimes it just seems to point. Who really cares what these four have to say, never mind themselves? For what it is worth, if what they say grabs you, pick up their LP or 7". Let the music speak for itself. I'm sure that's the way they'd want it.

Drive Like Jehu is:
Mike Kennedy—bass
John Ratz—guitar, vocals
Mark Trombino—drums
Rick Far—vocals, guitar, lyrics

Discorder: The first thing people who aren't familiar with you might want to know is...Drive Like Jehu. It must mean something to you? What does it mean? Why did you pick the name? John: Nothing, it's just a name.

Two of you guys were in Pitchfork, does Drive Like Jehu seem to be a logical extension of what Pitchfork was doing?

John: I don't know if it's a logical extension of what Pitchfork was doing. I think it's a logical extension of what I'd want to be doing, just as much as what Rick would want to be doing. I don't know if you'd say that Drive Like Jehu is a logical extension of "that band." I don't really look at it that way.

Is there a progression? If Pitchfork was still going would you see it doing some of the same things Drive Like Jehu are doing now?

Rick: It's not really like Pitchfork.

John: The other two guys were in a band called Night Soil Man...you can't really say that Night Soil Man would have been going this direction anymore than...who knows? Personally, myself, I've come to where I am now, it would have been that way anyway. That's totally hypothetical.

Does being in both bands, John, (Drive Like Jehu and Rocket From The Crypt) create a tension for Drive Like Jehu touring and such?

John: It doesn't really make it difficult to tour, we haven't really toured at all. This is the first Jehu tour, and Rocket has done one tour. I could see it being more of a problem in the future, but who knows.

Both bands have major label interest in them right now? John: Rick is starting up a label, and as soon as we're done with

Cargo, we'll be on Rick's label. Actually we don't have any major label interest, but we have interest in major labels, to we're going to go out there and beat the pavement. Knock on all their doors, man 'cause it's hard. You're asking a question where things get really blown out of proportion.

Rick: It's one of those things that is like nobody's fucking business. John: If you talk about it you're bummed, and if you don't talk about it then people make their own shit up and it gets all distorted. It's best to just let things lie and cull people on the bullshit instead of letting people know what's going on and what's not going on.

I'm looking at things from the stand point of "I've been into punk rock since 1980 and I've been doing this do-it-yourself thing since then." So, when I see all these bands jumping towards major labels...?

Rick: That's more of a question like, "do we think being on a major label is a sellout or immoral..." John: "A contradiction to the type of music you're playing..." Rick: I'm totally undecided about it.

On the other hand, signing with a major label would be great for you guys: lots of people are exposed to your music and lots of people get to hear you.

John: We all know that's not necessarily a good thing. Rick: Think about the last time you went to see your favorite underground punk band, say Sonic Youth, in some giant place, and people are milling around with no idea why they are there.

John: I think that's the most important thing that has happened in my whole life. Again, that's because it meant something to me and I saw it meaning something totally different, and something fucked up, in my eyes, to all these other people.

Talked to people and wasn't an important thing at all. It's no

L.A.I

John: As far as creativity and bands putting out the same type of music they did when they were on an independent, a lot of times bands start to suck. But I think that's a band thing.

I don't think the major labels are out there stifling their creativity.

John: Especially the way it is now. Pretty much every band is on a major label at this point. Rick: It's not all that uncommon, and if it's destroying punk rock, I don't think that's a bad thing. Hopefully it will destroy punk rock so people can do something better.

John: The whole thing with punk is that it meant so many different things to so many different people. It ran the gamut from extreme creativity and spontaneity to the most violent, stupidest thing in the world. It was, literally, a huge spectrum.

Do you still subscribe to that punk sort of attitude?

Rick: We never did in the first place...well, I guess we did.

John: I think we all did. We were all into punk rock. We grew up watching punk bands. I don't want to say looking at it, because I still consider a lot of the music that came out of that my favorite music. I think the whole thing of discovering punk and being punk was the coolest thing that ever happened to me. It's probably the most important thing that has happened in my whole life. Again, that's because it meant something to me and I saw it meaning something totally different, and something fucked up, in my eyes, to all these other people.

Talked to people and wasn't an important thing at all. It's no

Maybe it does and I'm just totally blind to it, but it doesn't seem to be as big of a deal as it used to be. I don't know, are we a punk band? Are we punkers?

You don't look like a punk band. John: There you go saying punk rock has to look a certain way... Rick: I certainly wouldn't want to live up to anything like that. Like rock 'n' roll better.

John: It's more vague, it's more open ended.

Rick: No one here sets out to be punk rock, we just play music.

What I'm trying to get at is, business-wise, are there still some of those punk 'deals floating around for you guys? Low door prices, all-ages shows...?

John: I wouldn't want to say "Yeah, we're a DIY band and we only play all-ages shows," and set up all these things for as just to go up and contradict ourselves. But I think we do. I think it's pretty evident in the way we sound and certain things. Of course we're not out there doing this for any kind of money thing, we do it because we like to do it. There's a lot of things that I think are totally fucked up, but I don't need to come out and say it because they are so blatant to me that I don't need to make a stand.

Anything else to say?

Rick: There's a lot of things to be said but it's really hard to say things in the context of an interview. As far as music goes, major labels go, punk rock ethic goes, I don't give a fuck. Who cares? We think about that kind of stuff, we find it exciting, but it's not very important. If anybody is reading this stuff thinking it's the fate of the American Youth Generation, or whatever it is at stake, they're mistaken.

So, what is important to you?

Rick: If I was going to say something is really important I'd say living life, enjoying life, not being an asshole. Living a complete, full life.

drive like jehu

by Eric Flex Your Head

They have no idea why they came besides it seeming like the cool thing to do.

Mike: No idea why they came besides it seeming like the cool thing to do. Mike: No idea why they came besides it seeming like the cool thing to do.

Also, from booking this tour, I would hear from other bands how they would be able to book their own tours on some sort of network. But it doesn't seem like the network exists anymore.



Greetings from Vancouver



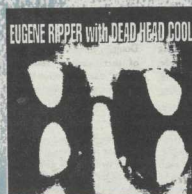
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"Good to the last drop" -Jeff Edwards, CBC Coast to Coast



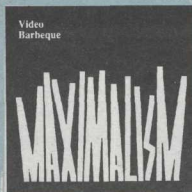
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trip in particular, their skills would have probably been put to better use if they hadn't forgotten one thing...their bassist.

"Remember, just before we were about to leave for Seattle, I kept saying, 'Where's Mike? Where's Mike?' recalls Doug. "The other guys assured me he was meeting us there." Mike chimes in: "So later that day I got a message on my answering machine saying

that they were in Seattle. I had no idea 'cause nobody told me about anything."

"That night," says Doug, "I'm sitting outside of this club, pissed drunk, singing at the top of my lungs, when who shows up but Mike. Bass in one hand, suitcase in the other, it was hilarious!"

Needless to say, the rest of the journey was without trouble, and Lung continued on their chosen path: playing the odd show here and there and recording their first vinyl effort in August of 1990, a 7" for Scratch Records entitled "Psychopaths."

Their decision to go with Scratch Records was a relatively easy one as owner Keith Parry has been friends with the members of Lung for some time. About the same time though, another local label was expressing some interest in them too: "We actually had our material demoed for Nettwerk about a year and a half ago, but they said we were too hardcore, too heavy," says Mike. "And that was before they asked us to open up for Lava Hays!" quips Doug.

While the single itself, crimson and black spotted (with introduction by an

unnerved Dennis Hopper) is indeed "heavy," it also generates an intensity not unlike a freight train speeding downhill without brakes.

When asked about the *Blue Velvet* sample, Richard's reply spoke for itself: "At the time I guess it had the right kind of feel for the song." Indeed, now would this freight train of a band pull it off on stage?

To see Lung play live is, like *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* says, "pretty amazing shit." Every time Lung play a new battle is engaged inside each individual member and the results are furiously emitted from their instruments...most times to the point of imminent destruction. Lung admit that

because we tend to isolate ourselves from the crowd or whatever seems to be around. We also have very large egos, but we have large egos because we have to believe in ourselves no matter if no one else does." Mike adds: "Someone came up to me at one of our shows and said he really admired the fact that we could still play like we were playing to 300 people, although there were only 30 people in the audience. I told him we only play for ourselves." Richard elaborates further: "Obviously it's nice when people enjoy it and if someone else gets into it, cool, that's great."

These opinions have gotten them

playing some of these shows (i.e. the Pixies or Ned's Atomic Dustbin bill) because it just gets reduced to who can talk business the most," says Mike. "I guess the only good thing about it is that they (the promoters) came to us. We didn't go around trying to get on those shows."

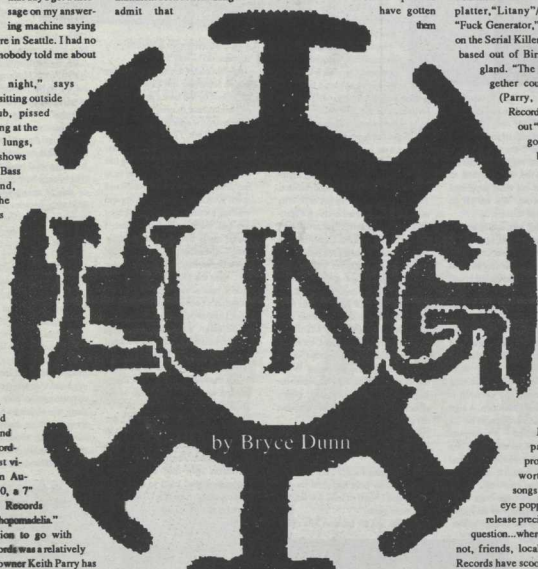
Nor did they try to land the deal with their new T-platter, "Litany"/"Fuck Generator," on the Serial Killer Records label based out of Birmingham, England. "The deal came together courtesy of Keith (Parry, Scratch Records)." "Rich points out: "The first single got over there and before we knew it we got a letter from S.K. saying they wanted to do something with us, so we did."

Adding to Serial Killer's impressive list of acts (of which *Cannibal's* Motherland and North Carolina's *Erectus* Monotone are a part of) Lung prove themselves worthy with two songs of ear-splitting, eye popping love. This release precipitates my next question...where's the LP? Fear not, friends, local biggies Zulu Records have scooped up and ba-

Plainly, the future looks good for the gurus of guitar-wallops as they prepare themselves for possible touring overseas next year. Mike details their tentative plan: "What they [Serial Killer] want to do is tag us on with a big band (Godflesh is a name that pops into mention) and tour in and around England with a guaranteed John Peel Session that the label will arrange for us. We've actually been played on John Peel's show a number of times now." But before they embark on that, they may play around Vancouver, if you're lucky, and maybe stateside if they manage to corral all the members together at the same time. As for right now, Lung only have one aspiration in mind. "One day we might be as hip as Superconductor," rights Doug. "No, no, never that hip," disagrees Mike.

"Do I sense some tension between you and them?" I ask tongue-in-cheek. "We want to try and hang out in the same places they do," exclaims Doug. "They just have this aura." Mike's idea may seem more plausible: "We want to try to get their old girlfriends!" Look out ladies, Lung are comin' atcha, fast.

(Lung aren't playing a club near you.)



they are very aggressive on stage to themselves and each other. Case in point, their last big show with Chicago's Jesus Lizard wherein Jason hurred himself, Kurt Kobain-style, into Richard's drum kit. "Our shows are really just an outpouring of emotions, whatever feelings we have that particular day," explains Richard.

It seems, more often than not, that those feelings involve bitterness, frustration and anger, and for Lung these are pretty justifiable feelings. They've taken a lot of flack for their personalities and their stage show, and it is at this point where some true feelings are shared. Doug admits "One reason we don't get much attention is

into some hot water and, though justified, some people just can't accept them. For example, there has been an ongoing feud between the members of Lung and the Cruel Elephant which, for reasons better left unsaid, has left a sour taste in both of their mouths. As a result, Lung have terminated any and all dealings with the Cruel Elephant and its booking agency, Good Boy Productions. Doug offers, "It's not a money thing, it's not an ego thing, it's more of a principle thing."

With that came a new problem, where to play now? Well, how about bigger shows at bigger venues with bigger bands? Lung tried it and, suffice it to say, they could do without. "It's such a hassle

being Lung introducing their debut long player, due out sometime in October. Produced under the watchful eye of Ken "Hi-Watt" Marshall and Don Gordon this could very well be the most anticipated local release of the year. If the lead off track "P.H.P.M.M.D.," an ode to some people Lung hold very dear to their hearts, is any indication I can only fear for your safety.

"Occurring at the foot of the Rocky Mountains on the Sheslay Indian Reserve, the festival site will include modern amenities such as day-care centre, washroom, showers, recycling stations, and a spectacularly beautiful campsite adjacent to the Bow River." —*Sun Magazine*, August 1992

"Look at this, it's just gross." — festival-goer at High River

After a long and dangerous haul through the woods of Alberta, K.C. and I finally pull into the sleepy prairie town of High River, pop 5,000 and 100 pickup trucks. The sun is a burning element of UV rays in the sky and dust, it seems, is the town's chief product. A sign points in the direction of something called "High Road Music Festival." This must be it...

We turn a corner—the only corner in town—and there are freeways everywhere, straight out of Perry Ferrell's wild dream; angular, Lollapalooza of deadlocked, pale "alternative music fans" jumping off a bridge into the river that runs through the middle of the town. How fitting that this should be the first image in High River that greets us.

At the front gate we are directed past the first campsite. We roll through, raising dust in our wake, past a disgusting canvas-to-canvas shantytown (K.C.'s terms) to the backstage campsite where the rest of the media whores huddle with their sicans.

Gopher holes as far as the eye can see...a fence around a field and a grazing horse...the stage across another field, surrounded by a track, tents and members of Kreviss and Superconductor...not a tree for miles, just rows of Port-O-Lets under a dome of naked blue and cancer-spreading sun.

So, first things first. The key to camping in organization: a beer, then the setting up of the tent...a bit of wild Turkey...looks like we'll have to start at the tenting zone again. The tent's up and the beer's cold, who cares if the food is rotting in the cooler. Someone walks by, says hello...he turns out to be a member of Pentecost's

Nendicks, one of the nine hundred and twenty-five bands playing this weekend. Little did I know as we chat about the troubles he's seen that our paths will cross again.

Time to check out the music, that's what this is all about, after all. Over at the big yellow tent, band check-in headquarters, there is scheduling, pencils, cover and crowd in the marker. They have no schedules to give out, it's hit or miss if you want to see any particular band. By the time we get to the field the Bombshells are

BEAT HAPPENING DIDN'T



just coming off the stage. Fewer than one hundred people are out here for the second day of this festival. Someone's walked back to being painted: "This is a Fugazi T-shirt." Everyone looks beaten and ragged, desperate for a second wind. I must talk to someone to find out what happened the evening before. We set off to explore the rest of this circus.

Under a big tent, tables are set up for the selling of food, books, and jewellery. I grab some copies of *Edmonton magazine*. *Slur* for fun. Next to the big tent is a Greenpeace booth and a tattoo parlor operating out of a trailer. Nippon Rock Sideshow Freaks, though. Highlight for small bleating, there's enough Freaks of nature here without anyone hailing around concrete blocks with his nipples.

Near a booth filled with Highwood memorabilia is something called an Orbitron. The Orbitron is shaped like a giant's voice. A sign recommends that participants be "in good physical shape." It's purpose becomes apparent as we watch one young skatepunk get strapped in and started spinning around; it's a machine to make you throw up.

Big black garbage bags overflow with things hanging from the jagged edges of a gap in the orange skyweb fence. And this is only the second day; what will it look like tomorrow? "What about this 'emotional friendly' claim?" What that only to pacify the Stony Creek Indians, who had been willing to let the festival be held near sacred burial grounds?

"Yesterday afternoon it was all like punk rock, man," N. is saying while K. young skatepunk get strapped in and started spinning around; it's a machine to make you throw up.

"Rollage, Rollage, everyone was going 'Rollage, Rollage, have you seen Rollage?'" and Agony Pipe, if they were made out of chocolate they'd

eat themselves. And there was this band, the El Caminos, they were so punk rock man, the lead singer came out and said "What the fuck are you out here for?" What is this? "Suck my cock, suck my cock!" And when he was singing or talking he'd spit milk in his pants, he said that his penis is "Elvis."

Babes in Toyland cancelled, too big for their Birkenstocks. From the sounds of things, Tad's onstage request for "faily cheese snacks" had been the highlight of the evening.

Onstage, a radically refitted and sonically reduced Kreviss perform. Their set is cut short by the sound man and they

protest, but to know after. There's a festival to be run, after all. Alumnus gives way to evening. Off in the distance, Huevos Rancheros come on but I don't move from my seat in the beer garden; I'm too preoccupied with the expanding, multi-coloured hot air balloon in the distance. Tad's, being ready for lift off? Why not? Other big names arrive for festivals in helicopters. Tad arrives by private hot air balloon. Or perhaps the thing's just dropped off. Alumnus.

The beer garden quickly becomes a corner. Back at the stage the Smugglers come on. They rock and provide plenty of laughs with their agonized take on the premature cancellation of Alan Thicke's *Growing Pains*. After the Smugglers' set seems as good a time as any to head for the Port-O-Lets behind the stage. Walking along, I hear another band take the stage. They sound pretty good, plenty of time, I think, determined to relieve myself.

"You missed Shonen Knife!" K.C. tells me when I return.

"What?"

"Shonen Knife! They came on and said they only had time for five songs and I went to look for you but you were gone."

The hot air balloon lifts off as

REDD KROSS DIDN'T



Saturday night at Highwood turns into Jake Band Night. One by one they're trotted out; the Ramada Gods, Zen (who take themselves and their tribute to Pearl Jam seriously, thereby

becoming joke band), and Furnaceface. Jake band follows Jake band, building towards the headline act—the Dead Milk-

MUDHOOD DIDN'T PLAY HIGHWOOD

men. The tension is incredible; it's all I can do to stay awake.

Several of my companions are not so fortunate and have crawled off by the bed to the I grow weary of Furnaceface (haven't I grown weary over heard the aphorism "Brevity is the soul of wit?") and decide once more to see what's happening under the big top. Most everything has been put away. Several people sit at the tables, talking. I turn around and there's an Art Bergmann, smoking and sniffing around for coffee. His eyes are last week's weather report. I make small talk and bum a cigarette—a Marlboro. Loud. Suddenly, "Art" distracted by a coffee machine.

For the Dead Milkmen I decide to take advantage of the stupid pass that's been hanging around my neck since arrival. I stand at the side of the stage, watching the behind-the-scenes action. The Milkmen stand around patiently, waiting for the technical tricks to get ironed out. When they finally start up the sound is even worse from the tip of the stage than at the front.

Back at the big top, Art Bergmann is exactly where I left him, drinking a cup of coffee. In the distance the coloured lights of the Orbitron spin like a whirligig. Enough, I head back to the safety and comfort of the Wild Turkey and a warm sleeping bag.

That night I dream I'm at the festival site and I'm walking towards what I think is a big hot air balloon. As I get closer I see it's the Orbitron. There's someone familiar strapped in, being spun around. I move closer. I try to see the face, which is a blur. Finally the spinning slows down and I see a butt dangling from a mouth and two beary dead eyes.

It's Art Bergmann.

Mildly hungover and tired, I wake up to near-silence. I'd woken up twice, once by Husker Du's "No Promise Have I Made." (This, as time will tell, becomes the most memorable moment of the whole festival for yours truly.) We don't want to miss any of the bands

Sunday morning (I forget why) so we're at the site before ten a.m. We watch Deadbeat Backbone ("Why aren't you in church?" asks the lead singer), then Blam. The Nendicks take the stage shortly after Elvis Love Child's extended ranting and raving about cops and authority. ("We'd like to thank the RCMP for getting our amp back for us," the singing Nendick says.) Regina's Mrs. Svensson plays, then Dagwood ("leaders of the youth revolution," the MC announces). "WKRP Conspiracy" and

"Wheelchair Transvestite" are two of their songs).

By the time Winnipeg's BulletProof. Nothing comes on we've had enough. The band's good, but ultimately defeated by fatigue, the shoddy sound, the blazing sun, and the apathetic crowd. Artbergmann's it's suggested by K.C. that twenty-four hours of this is enough for any sane person. We embark on the thirty-hour drive back to Vancouver.

"This song's dedicated to Paul Hughes, everybody's friend today...no! Well he's my friend so fuck you." — One of the bands, Saturday night.

Paul Hughes is the Man. Highwood was his baby. As organizer of the event, he made as many enemies as friends. For every band that was grateful for the opportunity to play the festival there was someone (whether festival-goer or band member) complaining about the lack of a proper schedule, bands getting cut off midset and poor sound quality.

No doubts it didn't help that this was the first of its kind (as far as I know) in Canada and that the site had to be moved from atop sacred burial grounds to grounds only a gopher could love. Perhaps with proper organization (a schedule of bands, a letter tree at recycling), a better site (reeds and firns would be nice), some work-shops (for instance, "Choosing a Stupid Name, That's Also Unmemorable," "You Sound Like Pearl Jam, You Sould be Pearl Jam," "So How Come You're Not Signed to Geffen?"), "Suck My Cock, Suck My Cock, Suck My Cock: An Introduction to Suck My Cock in its Nineties"; "Comedy Is Not Pretty"; "A Songwriting Workshop With the Ramada Gods and Furnaceface"; etc.),

and an emphasis on quality rather than quantity (thirty-six bands, for instance—twelve bands a day—would be more than enough, especially if one of them was Tad) the Highwood Festival could be a worthwhile annual event. A place where musicians and fans could come together and share ideas about music, where a real effort is made at com-

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I had plenty of time to ponder the Western Canadian Independent music festival on the way home, in fact, about twelve hours. I thought about the time when I first heard about the festival and I dreamed about being on a bill with a Sonic Youth.

Red Kross, and (dare I even think it) the Ramones. I must be a part of this festival, I resolved, it will be the event of the summer. The program echoed my thought, "be there so you can tell your kids how cool you were." I guess many people were sharing my sentiments, as bands all over Vancouver were jumping on the Highwood bandwagon for a pitance.

The Stony Creek Reserve was where the festival was originally to have taken place, but was moved at the last minute due to liquor licensing difficulties. I wish, someone at a bar told me the festival had been moved. Others weren't so lucky; greeted by a dead end sign in the middle of nowhere saying the festival had been moved to the High River Rodeo centre, approximately 60 km away.

After a hectic 17 hour drive, in which I was crushed in a small vehicle,

we arrived at the gate, received our wristbands, and were directed through an exit, flat, and as yet empty festival site to our camping area. Not terribly good at roughing it, particularly in the debilitating sun, I gritted my teeth and cleared a dozen or so cows paddies out of the way and made my homestead.

Besides it being really fucking hot, the town of High River ran out of ice and the locals looked freaked out by all the shirtless guys with bandanas around their heads. This was the closest I came to being overwhelmed by the summer of love spirit. There was also a cool river (presumably it was High River) with frightening undertone that everybody swam in.

As the day wore on more people came, bands started playing. I was saddened by the news that Beat Happening, Seaweed, L7 and Mudhoney, who were all "90% confirmed" as of an interview with Paul Hughes, artistic director of Highwood, in the June edition of Calgary's VOX magazine, were not going to be making an appearance at the festival. Babes in Toyland, who were listed in the program, didn't play either. The Dead Milkmen, Sons of Freedom, Tad, Art Bergmann, and Coffin Bait were billed as the premiere performers.

So maybe I didn't get to camp with Joey Ramone, but Bif Naked was there and with Nekrocase and Knif Hui right down the tent block, how could I not feel in the thick of an independent extravaganza? High density camping and beer drinking was the mainstay in the main campsite. The ratio of people to portajohns was sadly unbalanced, however, when you think about how much excrement 6000 people make. High River police precinct (GRMP) and over a hundred volunteer security people, one of whom, the huge drunken skinhead variety, borrowed my friend's car on the premise of some security emergency. Needless to say, he drove around aimlessly blasting the stereo until she asked him to get out of the car.

As a night fell, huge mosquitoes emerged, big enough that they could bite through clothing. The beer gardens opened and shortly thereafter I was filled to capacity.

KISS, beer, weiners, and hooking were all on the agenda for the weekend. Those who sent themselves away from the party at their campervans to watch the bands seemed to moan to just about anything, and only really approved of generic, alternative metal bands. This was, without a doubt, the

biggest gathering of Canadian rock bands in all of our 125 year history. Wow! Too bad all of them were so dull. This is not without exception of course. Hell, there were just too many bands; 65 bands is a lot and I believe seventy-four actually played. Each band (premiere performers excluded) played ten to twenty minute sets (and on occasion were rudely cut off) which isn't even enough time to get a really good groove going. Consequently, I generated a sort of assembly line affect. Quality, not quantity, should have been the rule of thumb here.

Bands of merit at the festival included Cubbyholys and a very brief but confident and artistically pleasing set. Watch for the October 10th release of their Jean Smith (mecca Normal) produced debut "7" Pen. The Smugglers sounded great but I was standing in line to get paid so I couldn't see them. One of the greatest moments of my Highwood adventure was seeing the Evaporators.

Nardwair was in peak form and I almost split my gut laughing when I looked to see him, in a gold lame jacket, being carried around (at about shoulder height) by the audience like a battering ram.

Though most aspects of the festival seemed to me quite smoothly, backstage was horrible. Despite tight security restrictions a lot of mixups occurred. However, whenever a problem arose one was instantly deferred to Paul Hughes; omnipotent, yet persistently difficult to find. An military man and local personality, he overrode a somewhat question-

on at 7:00. 7:00 came and went and the other Conductors still hadn't arrived, they were then told they missed their slot. Tankhog therefore had to



BABES IN TOYLAND WERE IN EUROPE

place in Superconductor 7:00 slot, which was a drag for them, and further complicated the situation. Understandably pissed until the situation was later rectified, Superconductor played a brilliantly dry set, ribbous against the setting prairie sun.

However, this wouldn't be the end of such shenanigans. Anathor, slated to play the dead hard set (2:00-5:00 a.m.) were told just prior to going on stage that that was it, everything was being shut down for the night. Obviously furious, an argument ensued and escalated until Mr. Hughes threw a punch at one of the band members and challenged all of them to a fight. Apparently Anathor split from the festival the next day.

My understanding is that a lot of local bands played Paul Hughes' Highwood Festival for fine, some of them for next to nothing. In reality, everybody (premiere performers excluded) paid to be at Highwood. I have yet to speak with anyone who has actually covered the costs of the trip. Nobody minded too much, though. After all, how often do you get to play in front of 6000 people? (Fifty people if you happened to play in the daytime.)

Unfortunately, the media exposure that seemed to warrant such an expensive endeavor just wasn't there. The audience seemed definitely less interested in the bands than in their will. Nevertheless, playing was fun and what with the huge stage setup and fancy Marshall amps for the bands to play through one almost felt like at home at a Goodie club.

Let it be said, however, that there was "general difficulty in getting paid." If you could find Mr. Hughes at all there was a lineup, and he didn't just disappear on some business, and you get to talk with him

the chance that you might get paid screamed at "said Rob from Bunn, were fairly likely. Paul was even so bold as to threaten to call security because Rob insisted on their guarantee being met to cover their costs home.

"Do you know what it's like to book/pay sixty-five bands?" is a question he should have asked himself a long time ago. I'm not sure if it is in to some poor musician's face. You have to give him some credit though, he looked utterly exhausted and stressed out, what with his attention being demanded on all sides at all times.

Among others, the Smugglers and Divis Love Child didn't get their agreed payment. Getting one hundred dollars less than your guarantee,

in light of the thronging crowd all wearing Highwood t-shirts (sporting the logo "I came I drank I puked I puked I came and I'll come again," no less), must have been a bitter pill to swallow. I'd like to point out that, fortunately for the Smugglers, the balance of the money they were not paid at the festival was given to them by local rock mogul and Scratch Records proprietor Keith Parry, who had a tidy sum from selling Highwood's advance tickets.

But this is rock and roll, and what's rock and roll all about if it's not about having a blast, playing a big gig and maybe throwing some bad attitude around? Hell, if you don't get paid it's all part of the fun or, at any rate, expected.

Punk rock shows like a lot of money, and promoters everywhere can't pay the bands the way they'd like to. In the independent spirit of things, this is perfectly okay. But I smelled a little post-Nirvana explosion in the air, and damned if the whole thing left me with a vague Lollapaloozaish taste in my mouth. Obviously, one has no way of knowing how much Highwood cost to put on, organizers have claimed they lost between \$16,000 and \$28,000; reports vary. A festival compilation is

SEAWEED COULDN'T CARE LESS



even in the works with the proceeds going to pay off the festival's debts.

Learned estimates disagree. It seems impossible that they could have lost money. There were so many people there, and not as many of the

major acts on the bill as expected. Paul was also overheard bragging drunkenly about the money he was taking in to a member of Elvis Love Child late on the Saturday evening of the event. An answer was circulating (although it sounds ramorous) that the Western Canadian Independent Music Society was buying land for next year's festival with the proceeds from this year's.

Punk rock or corporate rock? Highwood seemed to teeter on the fence between both, Molson Canadian sponsorship notwithstanding. I'd rather avoid sounding moralistic and spout off about the low rock revolution. I think the problems that arose could be easily rectified with a little communication and organization: the organizers should have asked for promoters and bands. The bands are the focal point to the festival and they work really hard to be there and put on a good show. All in all, audience and performer alike seemed to have an enjoyable time at Highwood which is what really counts in the end. After talking with a lot of Vancouver bands, almost all of them said they'd go back; some of them said they wouldn't go back unless they had a contract with the organizers guaranteeing payment.

Others didn't mind bearing the brunt of the costs because playing there was a starting point. I certainly wish the Highwood Festival, and the furtherance of a Canadian rock scene in general, much success. I hope organizers can work out deals for next year and an even better (dustier, hotter) time can be had by all.



THE RAMONES AREN'T PUNK ENOUGH

able reputation to run the Highwood show in most regards.

Mixups with starting times seemed a common problem. Confirming a start time of 10 o'clock with Mr. Hughes, on the phone before they left Vancouver, the members that so happened to arrive at Highwood at 6 o'clock were told to go

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ANY SIMILARITIES TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS MERELY COINCIDENCE

On the telephone, Mike Olson seems like a pretty nice guy. You don't want to buy him flowers or anything, but he's alright. Which is kind of surprising, given that Olson's claim to fame is being the snarling lead singer for Olivellawn, a band who's reputation for turmoil is unsurpassed.

Olivellawn is the L.A./San Diego based outfit that brought the word *Sophomore Jinx*, an amazing piece of work that fully realized the promise established by their debut *Say LP*. Everything about *Sophomore Jinx* works, from the Ventures influenced cover, to the Seattle influence (big guitar music), to the jack-hammer rendition of ZZ Top's "I Heard it on the X" that closes the album. In short, *Sophomore Jinx* is one shillup piece of plastic.

But while listening to Olivellawn may be a pleasure, interviewing them is not. I recall a conversation I had with famed rock journalist Steven Wells about Olivellawn.

"Fuck those guys," screamed the usually laid-back Steve. "They've stifled me for an interview three times already. I'm a busy man, damn it, and I've got better things to do." And with that, Wells smashed his empty 40 ounce of Schlitz Malt against his Dominoes delivery truck, and drove away.

Why, then, would one ignore the difficulties and spend a good four months trying to get an interview with an obscure Southern California rock 'n' roll combo? One reason is that a band with good songs as "Hate," "Major Label Blues," and "Earthquake" begs to be interviewed. The other reason is to address the plethora of rumours that follow Olivellawn around like a bad mood.

"They've broken up," said Smuggler guitarist Erik Rodgers. Dunn, usually wearing a booger the size of Manhattan from his left nostril. It was March, and attempts to contact Olivellawn had failed. "O (the band) 'lead guitarist' hates having his picture taken. So when he saw his picture on the album and in some promo posters, he quit." Poor O couldn't have been that mad, though. Two weeks later Bryce told me Olivellawn was back together. "And," sticks assured me, "they're coming to Vancouver."

But Olivellawn wasn't coming to Vancouver. They were staying right where they were, waiting for a chance to be interviewed

by *Discorder*. At least that's how one record rep made it sound. "Could they call you back in ten minutes?" asked the rep. I ran to get a cassette and my notes. But ten minutes came and went, and no return phone call.

"They've broken up," said *Discorder* editor Paul Brooks, while scratching at his anus as though he were trying to claw through cement. "You know how you wanted to interview O and Mike Olson at the same time? Well, those two can't be in the same room at the same time. So in the ten minutes that it took to call you back, they got into an argument, and the band broke up." Two weeks later, reports had the band back together and headed for Vancouver.

in Los Angeles. "They don't practice, because they don't like each other," said Grant, who is a renowned lunatic with a quick right hook; and they actually get into fist fights on stage. One time Johnny Donohoe (the bassist) creamed Olson with a mic stand." But the most exciting piece of news Grant had concerned the shadowy O. "He won't book a show for Victoria because he doesn't feel safe on islands." Man, I just had to talk to this guy.

It wasn't to be, though. "O is pretty negative," said one record rep, unaware of his stupid pun, "you don't really want to talk to him." And Mike Olson himself asked, pleading, if "O really has to be there?" But I was adamant. An Olivellawn interview without O

view couldn't happen because of the L.A. riots. "O isn't gonna drive to L.A. and I'm not leaving my house," said Mike, who then went on the CTR news to explain what was actually happening in L.A. during the riots.

It was not long after that I kicked my nasty ether and bourbon habit and came face to face with that ugly monster called reality. I'd been trying to interview Olivellawn for four months, with no success. O had no intention of ever talking to me or anyone else. And that band wasn't coming to Vancouver, no matter how often they were listed in the Cruel Elephant ads. I was just going to have to interview Mike Olson solo.

When isn't a bad thing in and of itself. Olson is an interesting guy in his own right. He runs

Starbucks, Microsoft and the Entertainment Industry are currently pushing to have Seattle declared the capital of North America, which will be renamed Corporation and will be presided over by University of Washington football coach Don James. "We just happened to be in Seattle when we wanted to record," says Olson, fooling no one. Both Olivellawn records have been produced by Jack "Mr. Seattle" Endino in the Emerald City.

Olson was far more forthcoming when the subject turned to O, his partner and nemesis. Keep in mind that O elected not to be present and thus was unable to defend himself.

"He's huge," said Mike, "and he could kick your ass." Olson had no way of knowing that I'm 6'7", 275 lbs and used to wrestle professionally under the pseudonym Mad Dog Martel. "His real name is Oswald or something, and he got real mad if you don't call him O," Mike added. I was disappointed. I wanted O to be named after French S & M book, *The Story of O*.

Olson also confirmed that O was indeed the same O who served as senior photographer of *Transworld Skateboarding Magazine*. "He's probably better known for his skateboard photography than the band. Lots of kids think O is really cool don't even know he's in a band," Olson says. Being a renowned photographer doesn't mean Big O likes having his picture taken though. Olson confirms that O "goes berserk" when he sees his glorious likeness reproduced, and the photo that accompanies this article is, according to Olson, one of only two band photos with O in them. Olson went on to say that O could well inflict physical injury if he saw that picture in print.

Of course that wouldn't be the first time Olson had been roughed up by a fellow Olivellawn. The singer also confirms that he is indeed beaten with a mic stand by Olivellawn bassist Jonny Donohoe during a gig. "We feed off the energy," says Mike, "the Püñta," it makes for great shows."

Of course, we're unlikely to see any of those shows up here in Vancouver although Olson assures me the band does plan to come to Canada; "Probably in August," he said, lying through his teeth. Olson also contends that the only reason they don't consider playing Victoria is because they've heard it's hard to book all-gages

shows there and because they don't have anywhere to stay on the Island. As to O's fears that islands have a tendency to sink or tip over, Olson feigns ignorance. "Maybe," he says, "but that's the first I've heard of it."

Finally, the issue of Olivellawn's viability is breached. "Sometimes, everything falls apart," says Olson wistfully. That problem, coupled with the fact that both sides are very active out of Olivellawn, does not allow the band a promising future. In fact, O has recently been performing with a separate combo, one called Pluff.

Olson, though, is optimistic. "Things will get better once we start preaching again," he figures. Then, to emphasize that the millions of rumors about the band may not be so accurate, Olson says: "The tales of our demise have been greatly exaggerated." Yeah. Exaggerated. Over and over again.

POSTSCRIPT

Just a few weeks ago, my phone rang at somewhere between 2 and 3 in the morning. It was *Discorder* editor Paul, who miraculously could transmit halitosis, as well as words, through the phone lines. "Olivellawn has broken up," he told me.

Yeah, sure I figured. Paul was the guy who told me that Mike Olson had tried to set him up with the girl on the cover of *Sophomore Jinx*. But Paul was insistent: "They've broken up," he repeated.

The next day, I bumped into Grant Lawrence while supporting the local music scene. Grant called Paul's words, and added that Pluff had a single coming out on the Symphony for the Record Industry label. He too was convinced of the permanency of the latest Olivellawn break-up.

Now, if I were 83, living in Arkansas, and sat on a rocking chair in front of an old gas station, I'd tell you no, prior to writing "That band has more lives than a cat," I'd tell you, prior to spitting a massive wad of brown tobacco juice on the ground at your feet.

But really I'm young, and any wisdom I have is hidden behind bad facial hair and a moody disposition. And that's why I've got to agree with Paul and Grant and admit that a good band has left us. Olivellawn is done like dinner. (*Olivellawn won't be playing at a club near you.*)



OLIVELLAWN PHOTO BY MIKI VUCKOVICH

would be like sex without orgasm. Oh, I'm guessing, it would be.

Armed with Olson's home phone number, and a list of questions like "O, are you really as fucked in the head as everyone says?" I continued my battle undaunted. On one memorable occasion, I learned from Mike's mother that "The Smugglers are just a nice boy's trip," dramatically destroying that band's reputation at a bunch of sex-crazed juvenile delinquents.

Mike's Olson related how Dave Carswell (Smuggler guitarist) had gotten up early to clean the Olson pool and informed me that "Those boys can stay here anytime." On another occasion, Mike himself explained that our scheduled interview

with Rekkit records, which has recorded the Mummies, the Derelicts, and the Hoods in addition to Ziggun and the Smugglers. He's also a USC student, or was at least last year.

Olson holds a fascination for Seattle cartoonist Peter Bagge, a fascination he is reluctant to discuss. Rekkit, of course, is a term used in Bagge's *Hate* comic, and "Hate" is also the first song on *Sophomore Jinx*. "It's just a philosophy I like in there," says Olson of the *Hate* comics.

I also asked Olson about Olivellawn's part in one of the most sly and insidious plots to take place in years. As you may or may not know, Being,

FUTURE RAP

BY ADAM SLOAN

Yo, "Future Rap" is back! I'll be takin' over the column from Terror T as she's busy for a while schoolin' herself. So, gettin' down to business, here's a couple '12's for yo' contemplation. **Kid Rock**, Detroit's #1 rapper, is hittin' hard with "Back From The Dead" on Continuum Records. Mixin' a Beastie Boys style lyrical delivery with hardcore beats and lotta' breaks, look up for the forthcoming album. Coming out on Ruthless

Records are **Yomo and Maulik** with their "Mockingbird" 12". DJ Yella from NWA helped out with the production, 4 different mixes, but none of this is fresh enough to cut it with me, so on with da PG... **Roxanne** has a 12" out on Select Records produced by Chubb Rock and Trackmaster. The two tracks and their various versions are pretty hard but Roxanne is held up by the dope beats and doesn't have too much lyrical

wisdom to offer.

Alright, now to a couple EP's. **Planet Rock**, the 1982 super-electro hip-hop, uptempo-funk jam by **Afrika Bambaataa** and the **Soulaonic Force** of the **Universal Zulu Nation** has been reissued ten years after the original, with a whole bunch of remixes. The most notable of the five remixes are DJ Magic Mike's rap treatment of the groove and the 808 Star techno-mix, but the original is still ruling. And ya' git da' bonus beats too!

MC Rock of NWA has got an EP out of his own called **Kiss My Black Ass** with production done by Bobcat. If you like NWA's releases after Ice Cube left the group, you'll like this. Busy tracks and West Coast hardcore lyrics in the slow an' low gangsta style make up most of the six tracks with topics strictly in the hood.

Now we gonna hit the full length releases. First we got **Me Phl Me** with his release **One**. This is definitely a college radio crossover record with a whole bunch of acoustic guitar and is strictly wack. And we got no time for that.

DJ Quik has got his second on the streets now for **Profile Records** called **Way 2 Fonky**. He's backin' it up with plenty of kick and claps, as is

his style, and there's some dope bass playin' on most of the 12 tracks pumped up loud. Quick is defini-



keyword funk of Parliament and Zapp as it's all over this album. He shouldn't have tried the reggae track or getting slow, but overall this is way 2 fony!

Too Short has let loose with album number four straight onto the **Oaklawn, Shorty the Player**. Now here's another rapport to the Parliament keyword funk. The album is good for the most part, but it sounds exactly like the last three. He hasn't done anything new for years now, but if you like Too Short you'll dig this. The bass is boom and the car low as always.

The **UMC's** have a new album out on Wild Patch records called **Fruits of Nature**. This stuff is very light **Kid'n** Play-style rap, but not as good (in a pop sense). I guess you gotta have all sorts, but this sort doesn't interest me at all.

Yo, somthin' else you might wanna check out is **Miles Davis'** last album, **Doo-Bop**, which was put together with **Eazy-Mo-Bop**. Definitely on the hip-hop tip.

Rapp crew of the month goes to the Bronx niggaz, the **Ultramagnetic MC's**, on the strength of their "Make It Happen" 12". I didn't even mention it because it's been out a while and their new LP is due next month. Clothing news, **CITR's** DJ Soundwar Chapter III is scheduled 4th of the Spring of 1993 and you can't be a gonna be a superlammer. Get it together and make it happen with your own crew! Peace, an' I'm outta here y'all!

LIFE WITH THE FAMILY

ENNEDYNE
JUST SUPPOSE IT'S YOU THAT LIVES WITH A VIOLENT, FRIGHTENING, SPORADICALLY CHARMING MAN WHO'S CRAZY BUT YOU'LL EXCUSE HIM EVERYTHING. NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE PLAYING WITH YOU LEAD TO HORROR! A LIFE OUTSIDE OF DRINKING BEERS WITH THE GIRLS WHO'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT IT BORED WITH HAVING THEIR ADVISE IGNORED THEY NOW JUST LAUGH & DRINK & DANCE WITH YOU EYE-BALLING HIM WHEN HE SHOWS UP WITH A MIXTURE OF FEAR AND ATTRACTION. YOUR DREAM IS THAT HE DOES LOVE YOU THE PROOF IN THE SECOND SKIN OF LIES, RIDICULE, THREATS, BURNS, AND CUTS YOU WEAR 'TIL IT'S HARD TO SEE WHAT YOU REALLY USED TO LOOK LIKE. YOU SEE FAT-ASS YOU SEE STUPID SLUT YOU SEE SHREDD AND LESS THAN A SECOND, WHERE YOU PLEAD AND FLEE AND PEE AND PANIC. HE RUINS EVERYTHING BY PUTTING SHOOTING YOU IN THE SPINE, THE CHEST, THE HEAD, AND HIS FUN AND POWER ARE GONE. YOU'VE UPSET BUT YOU KNOW HE DIDN'T REALLY MEAN IT SO YOU FIX YOURSELF UP IN THE BATHROOM. YOU PUNISH YOUR SISTER, YOU SAY "HE WAS JUST CRAZY TODAY, HE REALLY KILLS ME SOMETIMES." THE NEXT DAY YOU JUST WANT TO FORGET ALL ABOUT IT. BYE HONEY. YOU GO TO WORK, LIKE NORMAL. ON THE BUS A LITTLE BLOOD RUNS DOWN FROM THE HOLE IN YOUR HEAD. IT FOLLOWS THE CHAIN AROUND YOUR NECK THAT HOLDS THE LOCKET WHERE HIS FACE HIDES BETWEEN PRETTY LITTLE DISCS OF SILVER. THE BLOOD DRIPS OFF THE BOTTOM OF THE LOCKET. YOU THINK IT'S SAD THAT NO ONE BUT YOU EVER SEES HIS SWEET FUNNY SIDE. AFTER WORK YOU GO TO THE BAR YOU TELL THE GIRLS HE DOES THOSE CRYZ THINGS JUST LIKE AN OVERGROWN KID HE REALLY CRAWNS ME UP. THEY SAY, "GIRL, YOU KILL HE'S SURE IS A ROTY BUT THEY THINK THAT YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD YOU ALL GET DRUNK AND GO TO THE GYPSIES FOR SOME ADVICE. YOU ARE EXHAUSTED FROM BEING DEAD AND REFUSE TO ADMIT IT. THE GYPSY LOSES HIS SMILE COMPLETELY THOSE WHITE TEETH GO AWAY SO DO YOU. YOU KEEP GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS IN THE FOLLOWING WEEKS BUT YOUR BODY IS GETTING DIFFICULT TO MOVE YOU ARE A STRANGE COLOR AND TEXTURE FOR A GIRL YOU LOOK AS BAD AS HE USED TO SCREAM THAT YOU WID OH HE'S STILL THERE BUT HE LEAVES YOU ALONE NOW. HE JUST CAN'T BE BOTHERED TO LEAVE YOU. FUNNY ISN'T IT YOU ALWAYS KNEW HE COULD CHANGE.



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BY JUNE SCUDELER

Did you miss me as much as I missed you? Due to some reshuffling, it's been three months since the last thrilling installment, so let's begin.

First up is Front Line Assembly's latest CD *Tactical Neural Implant* (Third Mind). A big departure for the Vancouver duo, Bill Leeb and Rhys Fulmer, *TNI* has actual songs influenced

by FLA's interest in techno—especially their lighter dance project Interstix—instead of the extreme aggro of *Caustic Grip* (Third Mind). The album is full of melodies, whereas *Caustic Grip* was over the top with rhythmic repetitions. "Final Implant" and their first single "Mindphase" are superexamples of their latest styles. FLA has also been garnering a lot

of attention for the cyberpunk video masterpiece of "Mindphase", by local Plasma Productions, and has been nominated for the best alternative video at the Canadian Music Video Awards. Buy this album or die.

God Family Country (Dove) by Sucking Chest Wound was originally presented as a live multimedia performance in November '89, released as a cassette limited edition in December of '90, and remixed for CD in February of this year. There are fifteen tracks, of which five each appear under the headings of God, Family and Country, including "Who Shot the Pope" which was on the *Death of Vinyl* compilation. Each segment starts with a heavily saccharine introduction, for example "Family," where a childlike voice tells us "father punishes us because he loves us." The music is a mixture of jazz, industrial, gospel, disco and heavy metal. This is cheesy and scary at the same time as it points out the combination of banality and horror in the ideals of God, Family and Country. Extremely silly.

Also on Toronto's Dove label is PGR's *Chemical Bride*, a combination of noise and ambient music that is too loud to be called ambient and too rhythmic to be pure noise. This is pretty heavy

on low end distortion but it's not bad, more variance would have made *Chemical Bride* more interesting. If you're into oppressive music you'll like this, especially the title track with its rhythmic bass.

An excellent compilation has to be *Object #5* on Ladd-Fritz Records, which includes *Die* (ex-Klink vocalist Dirk Ivens), *TAGG* and *Vox Populi*. There's also a spoken word intro by each artist before their respective songs. Some of my faves were Cynral's "Friction Song" with its complicated, catchy motif, *De Fabrik's* contribution of a pleasant, fuzzed piano melody with some slamming noises, "Speaking in Tongues" by *In the Distance*, and the ubiquitous *Hatara* tune is quite disturbing—a car crash impact repeated over and over. *Object #5* is continuing excellence in experimental compilation.

Cabaret Voltaire's Technology-Western Records 1992 (Virgin) is a vaguely tolerable remaking of old tunes which have tons of bass percolations, but everything starts to sound the same after a while. Plus, they've managed to turn the fabulous "I want you" into utter drivel; "Sensoria" fares better as the vocals are kept somewhat. But 808 State should be drawn and quartered for their

re-mix of "I want you." A hardcore Cab Voltaire fan would never figure out what this shit actually was. Some things should be re-mixed, how can Kirk and Mallinder sleep at night?

In contrast, *Laibach's* newest, *Kapital (Mute)*, is a sly mixture of dance and politics. Laibach are based in Ljubljana (what used to be Yugoslavia), and are a part of Neve Slowsenice Kunst, which was founded in 1984 to work in the area between ideology and art. By 1989, Neve Slowsenice Kunst had expanded to embrace film, architecture, design and practical philosophy, alongside original music, painting and theatre. A lot of people have been put off by Laibach's videos of members striding mightily through forests and quickly slapped the "fascist" label on them. Laibach raises questions about mechanization and nationalism and presents them in an ambiguous way. People can't seem to handle topics not put in a black and white manner. This is dance music, but it's without compromise, and it is full of thought and uneasiness—it leaves the listener asking. A good challenge and recommended.

The Cassette Mythos *Alchemy* compilation CD (WhatNext Records) is published by the Nonsquirit Foundation, a non-

profit audio publishing venture; their address is: P.O. Box 2638, Santa Fe, NM, 87504, U.S.A. They've also published a book of the same name about the underground tape exchange and interviews with its practitioners. This compilation is suitably of the wall; my faves include the stonal "Grievance" by Daniel Johnston and completely insane "China Peace" by Japan's Ymimolao. This is definitely not everyone's cup of Koolaid, but if you're into experimental, avant-garde stuff, you'll get off on this.

So it's Vancouver's own Mike Vicky collaborating with Bruce Young and they have a brand new self-titled cassette. Set used to be on Spiral Records, but Mike decided to go the indie route. Their latest five song release utilizes more state of the art than before, but it still keeps their signature minimalist sound. It should be in stores soon. Another local band to watch for is Fourth Man (who haven't released anything yet but they've given me a demo. The songs are well done industrial and belie the fact they don't have a lot of equipment. I'll let you know when they release something).

Well, that's enough heart-ac-ing info for one column. If you wanted to write me, drop me a line CD of *Discover*. See you in two months.



HELEN'S KITCHEN

It's six minutes past nine and I'm drinking tea in Lisa's cub's living room. cub have finished band practice and we (Lisa, robyn, valeria and I) are now curled up in chairs ready to talk.

Helen: Your seven-inch last month—October 1989?
Lisa: Sports and Health Day in Japan. robyn: It's a theme.
Lisa: It's our dream: to play Japan.

Oh! One of my questions is what would be the ideal site for a cub gig?—a karaoke bar?
Lisa: Liveat Budokan, of course. What would your ideal spot for a gig be, valeria?
valeria: Well, not outdoors. Anything but outdoors.

robyn: No black flies, no mosquitoes.
valeria: Anywhere indoors and dark.

cub are having a record release party mid-October and are playing at Zulu Records the evening of Friday the 16th. After that 23rds of cub are doing New York!

Are you distributing your record there?
robyn: No, we're going shopping.
Lisa: And signing autographs.

What are you going to buy?
valeria: Cub Scout uniforms in various sizes.

If you couldn't be in cub, what

band would you be in?
valeria: Probably none at all... Lisa: I would go on to fame and fortune, I'd sink into cocaine and robyn would write novels. (laughter)
robyn: I don't think so.
Lisa: I'd like to be in an accordion band that played only Italian wedding songs.

Are you a grrrl band?
Lisa: We're ciddle-con.

Okay, now we move on to the Helen G. oriented portion of the program. We start off with: what's your favorite fairy tale?
Lisa: I can't think of one.
robyn: No, we're going shopping.
valeria: I always hated the three bears.
Lisa: So did I.
valeria: Goldilocks deserved everything she got!

We're drinking tea but it's not chamomile. Speaking from personal interest, what's your best remedy for cramps?
Lisa: I don't get cramps, I'm too tough.
robyn: I just suffer in silence and they eventually go away.
Lisa: You're supposed to stretch.
valeria: Actually, we're too young to get cramps. We're pre-pubescent.

October is a special month for me because it has my birthday and Halloween. What are your favorite kinds of birthday cake, favorite Halloween treats and costumes?
valeria: What was the question?

Favorite kinds of birthday cake? (mmmms all around)
Lisa: Not Saweary.
robyn: Chocolate, but a special kind of chocolate—almond cake made with sour cream so it's really inside.

My aunt made it for me.
valeria: So you stab it in a blender?
Lisa: Angel food cake with sprinkles in the shape of an elephant holding a peanut in its trunk. That was my favorite one that my mum made.

Costumes?
valeria: Well, I'm constantly considered to be in costume, and Halloween is the one time of the year I feel normal. I get on the bus and they say "So, what are you?" Um, Halloween costumes?—apples. Without razors.
Lisa: I loved mine! Oh Henrys.
robyn: Used to hate Good 'n' Plenty but now I like them.
Lisa: Once I went as Aunt Jemima, which I find totally embarrassing in public black face. And I cried when my mum was putting them on me.

So, that's the dirt on cub but before I let you go I have to tell you about my favorite kind of birthday cake. This one is espe-



cially great to make for other people and it comes from a party book for kids. I think it's from the Carnival Party section and it goes like this:

Buy some white cake mix, enough for four round layers—the

when I stayed at home, so why go out?
valeria: I'd like to go as Zorro one year.
Lisa: So is that it? That's all the questions?

Well, I have a Thanksgiving question... Being vegetarian, do you eat tofu turkey mousses?
Lisa: Nooo. But we always have a big Thanksgiving dinner with our friends, and we make alternative stuff. Like if you make scalloped potatoes with smoked Gruyere, it tastes like meat.
robyn: Bacony!

So, that's the dirt on cub but before I let you go I have to tell you about my favorite kind of birthday cake. This one is espe-



cially great to make for other people and it comes from a party book for kids. I think it's from the Carnival Party section and it goes like this:

Buy some white cake mix, enough for four round layers—the

cheap kind is fine. If you are a made-for-television kind of person, you're prerogative but this cake is a bit fudgy so I recommend saving your energy.

While you're at the store pick up some whipping cream (500mL) and some food coloring in the basic shades: red, blue, green and yellow.

When you arrive home, get the cakes baking right away. You will need to divide the batter into four bowls, add some food coloring to each bowl and then get them in the pans and in the oven. My preferred colours are pink, purple, orange and green but you can experiment.

Once the cakes are out and cooling, you're ready to start whipping. Sweeten the cream a little if you like. I've never added that stuff to keep the cream stiff but if the cake's going to be sitting around all evening it might be a good idea. (Do not use Cool Whip.)

Then you just stack 'em up and start spreading! Put cream or jam between layers for a special treat. Sprinkle on the cake and colour but put them on just before serving—they blend. Now you just have to keep the secret until you slice the cake. Voila! Listen to your friends oooh and aaah over the beauty of it and then gorge! Exotic versions of this cake can be made with chocolate layers and chestnut cream or any other variation you wish. I gotta go now, I'm drooling on the keyboard. Hope October treats you right and talk to you in December. Cake!

OCTOBER

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W/ CATASTROPHIC

SATURDAY OCTOBER 3
ROCKING THE BLUES
DAVID BREWER BAND

SUNDAY OCTOBER 4
AUGUST HAZE

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 7
RENEGADE SAINTS

FRIDAY OCTOBER 9
MY SISTER'S
MACHINE
W/ MEDDAPHYSICAL
AND BAM BAM

SATURDAY OCTOBER 10
BLACKHAPPY
W/ INFLATABLE SOULE
AND PLEASURE ELITE

SUNDAY OCTOBER 11
MEDELICIOUS

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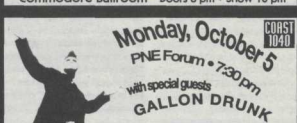
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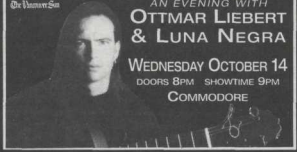
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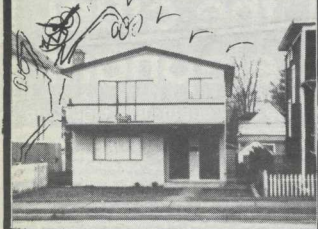
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BY CORAL AND REDD

LOCAL NEWS

Was it really necessary to be greeted by an anabolic enhanced throwback at the door to the Neurosis show (Sept. 11 @ the Cruel Elephant)? If we can jump on the bandwagon for a second we'd like to say that we don't want the company of jocks at our local watering hole either. Speaking of said watering hole, the next time Tankhog play it might be a good idea for you, dear readers, to go out and buy a ticket. The band is hurting so bad financially that one of the members actually got married just so they could hold a prenuptial

benefit gig (a fine mix of fuck bends) to fund a "proper wedding." Better not make anything too official, married couples get less on welfare.

In other club news the Nappy Dugout, 1248 Seymour at Drake (back alley entrance), needs your support. These guys are putting on some great and much needed all ages shows although they seem to be understated. The shows happen on Sundays at a reasonable hour (5:00 PM) and some that you should make note of are: Oct. 4 - Greenday w/ Ten Feet Tall; Oct. 18 - Sandy Duncan's Bye w/ Rusty Nail; Oct.

25 - Sparkmarker. For tickets and info you can skate down to P.D.'s Hot Shop at 538 W. Pender or phone 662-3328.

Mark Manhattan (Outrageous Valeriano fame) is booking bands for the Lacerise Whip a.k.a. Hollywood North on Seymour St. Discrepancies abound as to the longevity of this project but, being the optimists that we are, we say look for a special Halloween show!

SHINDIG NEWS

GTR's Shindig is happening once again and, if you missed them, the festivities were kicked off on Monday, September 14 at the Railway Club (Pender and Seymour). Christening this year's 13 week event of local band competitions were the Lonesome Canadians, Stick Monkey, and The Cretins. Stick Monkey chalked up a first round victory and therefore advance to the semi-finals which take place a few months down the road. Rory and Paul's column (page 10) should keep you right up to date on the happenings of Shindig, but don't just read about it. GO, BABY, GO, BABY, GO, BABY GO! Each and every Monday night.

ALL THE ANSWERS

1. Always keep a flattened metal spoon on the coffee table. They're great for hot knives and will confuse the hell outta junkies.

2. The club owner that cultivates an interest in only beer sales is no worse than the rock star who insists his/her lovers fit only into the mould of groupie.

3. Wearing less clothes does

not make one intimidating.

4. You can't lay no boogie woogie on the King of Rock and Roll they say, yet publicans picking has become noticeably trendy.

5. Suicide is the final form of rebellion.

STEPPIN' ON GRANT'S TOES

Sparkmarker have recently released a 3 song 7" and I actually went out and bought this at Track records. Sean (hand-working employee) said that it was the hottest selling 7" in the store, and with a price tag of only \$3.25 they make it pleasant on the pocketbook. For those of you who yet don't know what Sparkmarker sound like, Fugazi, Greenday, and Phleg Camp are good comparisons. Strong bass, thought provoking lyrics and energetic tunes fuel this 7". Buy it you'll like it.

And while you got your wallet out don't forget to pick up Lung's new 7" out from British label Serial Killer.

DEMO REVIEWS

Castrated Turnip - *Bad With Our Bones*

I haven't smoked any pot today and I'm not feeling particularly tender or misanthropic. Kismet, where this group is from, is the suicide capital of B.C. - maybe the entire world. One knows why after listening to this band. They went to the same school of retard-rock that the Ramones graduated from and these guys are still in the first grade. Study hard boys and move out of Alcan's land.

66 Gannet Cres., Kitimat, B.C. V8C 1P6.

Mutant Starfish

This band sounds like they just quite haven't found their groove yet. With a strong rhythm section and, oh no, Axl Rose vocals we just couldn't get into it.

Billie Gets Left Behind - *Small Potatoes*

...smashed with a little margarine.

To Do With God - *Reunites and All*
Angrier Cure. Brazenly Cure.

Lemons

This is the Lemonheads without the head, and in pure Lemonhead form they sent us a picture of themselves looking very stylish and altermo-metal (I think the cheesy promo shots guys). Janis likes this demo a lot and can be quoted as saying, "It's damn fine. It's believable dammit!" 621 Pine, Tacoma, WA. 98406

Dead Crony

Death, No Lip, Grungee Al and Space J are the members that make up Dead Crony. That about says it all, don't you think? These guys are so bold to thank all of the chicks who have had the pleasure of even half the meat. What? Is this because they got soft once inside?

LOCAL RELEASES

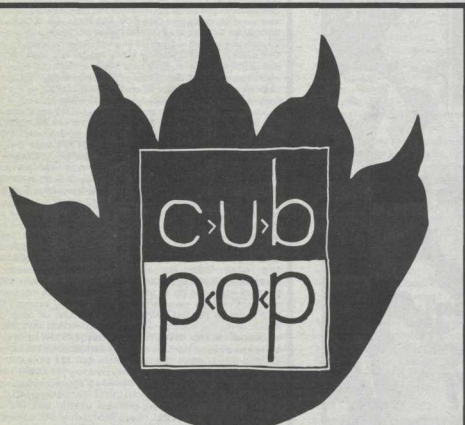
Wedge
Judging from the letter they sent

us these guys have had the pleasure of opening for many a fine band: Tar, Unsane, and Vertigo to name a few. They deserve that, I guess. This is the best thing I've heard to come out of Calton yet! Too bad Coral already stuck the god damn sticker on her fridge. I kinda wanted it. Crotch Records, PO Box #23119, Snooah Postal Outlet, T2S 3B1.

Flash Bastard - *Monomy, Can I Go Out and Kill Tonight*
"Psycho Bitch From Hell" and "Suburban Nightmare" are the two songs offered from this intensely punk outfit. Although they are not old enough to get into the Cruel Elephant they are old enough to create great tunes. These kids do everything like the big boys, except harmonize. Dysentery Recordings.

Vicious Barbs

Truly punk. A sound not unlike the U.K. Subs crossed with the Descendents. An fags will call them childish. Politically correct song titles dealing with issues concerning gun control, laboratory animal testing, and date rape yet the lyrics seem contradictory: "I test my drugs on animals/And I do it all for fags./I got a job making shampoo/that's really what I want to be./If it gets in your eyes, can be the best/so we have to let the bunnies try it first." 1642 Kitchener St., Vancouver, B.C., V5L 2W2.



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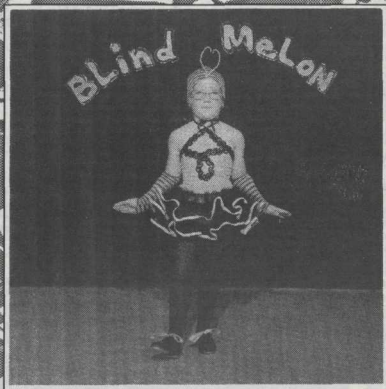
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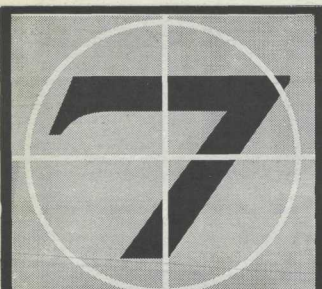
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sometimes you just gotta wonder about things, take rock music for example: so much variety and so much talent in one month. I keep on thinking that a peak must have been reached, you know how highs and lows are, you reach a high and a new standard is set. No matter how feckish or by chance its occurrence was, you can't help but at any time in the future looking back on this peak and reminisce about the good of days: "how that was a month of rock", here I've been trying to pin down the best month ever, but man, looking forward, it just gets better. You know how anticipation can almost be more exciting than the actual fruition of something. If only because weeks and weeks of work and planning go into what amounts to five hours of reeking the achievement. It's almost disappointing when the moment passes, great satisfaction is achieved but soon the thoughts turn to the next conquest. kinda like after sex, you know? so in a sense it's feverish foreplay all the time and orgasms (often multiple) five nights a week, feel for my predicament, and read on...uhhhhhoooooh ft. sept. 28 northside: the human service/pop/rock records presents THE SMUGGLERS w/ way out recording artists from victoria THE SHOW BUSINESS GIANTS also seattle's DRIP TANK w/ CUB and THEE GOBLINS yeahhhhhoooooh sept 26 some blame it: scratch presents a festival of its recording artists roster, with, from japan: NIMROD featuring japan's s&m pom queen MAYUKO HINO w/ TWERDOCLUB w/ victoria's politically incorrect HUMP sun 27 SUNDAY SHOW!!! doors at 8, show at 9:30. featuring no other than THE CHAINSAW EXTREME with a fantastic band FLOP w/ guests tues 29 tuesday night fever DISCO \$1 CHEAP ORIGINAL VINYL STARS got the gatz? no lining up to get on in! scuse me my mouth is full: wed 30 rain creature cd release party featuring RED SECTOR 1 - DOSE HUMP - DANCING ON GLASS and COLOUR CLIQUE. OCTOBER, CHURBY CITY! thurs 1 kinda punky kinda folky kinda rocky kinda night: 1 o.i. COURAGE OF LASSIE w/ San Francisco's BEGLAR MOVIES w/ JOLY CRACKER w/ some ft. a little harder faster ft 2 seattle's noisymk recording artists THE ACCUSED w/ cargo recording artists from montreal SLOV w/ victoria's SHUT DOWN w/ DISTORTED INFLUENCE, now on this show I'm gonna ruin a whole wardrobe's worth of stuff, stand back, I don't know how big this thing's gonna get! sept 3 a rare performance by seattle's legendary GIRL TROUBLE w/ seattle's amazing FASTBACKS w/ like that wasn't enough: rare recording artists from Ohio: GOD AND TEXAS tues 4 CRUEL 70'S DISCOTRAMA GOT 70'S GEAR ON? NO LINING UP! CHEAP and I thought saturday was as good as it gets but on wed 7 matorador recording artists from stockton ca. PAVEMENT w/ BLAISE PASCAL, now read the next part real slow 'cause if you're on a bus or something you could get embarrassing thurs 8 a raging killer pop-punk from california, fallout recording artists GREEN DAY w/ ohio's PRAIRIE SCHOOL w/ the new improved SWEATERS ok, catch your breath, clean up a bit, a little deodorant, that's better, this one's staying awhile ft 9 sept 10 ottawa's best band since...well, ever: FURNACE FACE!!! ft with the SLIPSHODS and SISTER LOVERS, sat 4 CARTOON SWEAT and california's DEERIE STREAM tues 13 CRUEL 70'S DISCOTRAMA GOT 70'S GEAR ON? NO LINING UP! wed 14 cargo recording artists from toronto CHANGE OF HEART with the TOUCH and GOES serious homage, need I say more? if it thurs 15 reggie recording artists from minneapolis BARS IN OYLAND w/ guests and if that wasn't enough: ft 16 a&bpy recording artists from minneapolis SANDY DUNCAN'S EYE with SPICE OF LIFE in a cd release party sat 17 now this is home town city, some of the coolest dance rocks to ever come out of america, not for the shallow of mind: matorador recording artists from san fran THINKING FELLERS UNION LOCAL 282 w/ from phoenix, major/bimby-disc recording artists THE SUN CITY GIRLS w/ victoria's VIKARRETTES tues 20 CRUEL 70'S DISCOTRAMA GOT 70'S GEAR ON? NO LINING UP! CHEAP! wed 21 UNDERGROUND/TECHNO/COMMERICAL/UNTABLED J WITH ANA/TROUBLE CLUB NO COVER TILL 11 SPECIAL!! thurs 22 sat free rock from over north america: ottawa's RUN FOR MALAKAI w/ san fran's ONE EYED JACKS w/ BIG TALL GARDEN ft 23 the music just never gets defendible, dig this: from minneapolis THE DASH BOARD SAVICIOUS w/ CHRIS HOUSTON AND HIS EYE TANGS w/ TERROR OF TINY TOWN sat 24 a little rock o billy, a little brass o billy THE BATTLED ROOSTERS MONKEY BUSINESS tues 27 CRUEL 70'S DISCOTRAMA GOT 70'S GEAR ON? NO LINING UP! CHEAP! wed 28 can you say punk rock??? AGING YOUTH GANG w/ TEN FEET TALL w/ VAN HOOIGANS ft 30 polygram recording artists CARNIVAL ART sat 31 ALL HALLOWS EVE!!! featuring M.D.C. w/ network recording artists from chilewack MYSTERY MACHINE very sorry w/ karmoke SNEATER...now, points to remember, come early and you get a cover charge discount (except special events) drink specials, weekdays, and all kinds o' neat stuff...a happening...and you know? we love you.

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BY GRANT LAWRENCE

Hi. Due to sheer boredom [I hope it's not lethargy. Ed.], I've decided to change the format of this here column. I probably won't stick to it, I just feel like it. But whada you care, anyways?

"Curse Me" b/w "Replete" Bulimia Banquet

This semi-legendary San Francisco band falls slightly short of the mark here, with a slightly directionless punk rock offering. Apparently the band features Dez Cadena of Black Flag but I didn't hear it. The A-side is filled with annoying tempo changes that add up to nothing but musical confusion. Maybe that's the point, but to me it's a headache. The B-side's "Replete" is a much better retreat, a good rock tune in a standard aly-rock way. Nothing special overall. (Bulimia Banquet, P.O. Box #2852, Los Angeles, CA, 90078, USA.)

"White Summer" b/w "How Does It Feel To Feel" Chopper

This New Haven, Connecticut premier mod-pop band have shed almost all their mod roots and sound to present more of a pure pop sound, sounding more like REM than the Jam. Catchy, harmonic stuff that's just worth your attention. The B-side is an obvious cover of an obvious song, I just can't remember who did it (The Creation, Ed.). A slightly psychedelic late '60s feel. And Chopper has a great backlog of pure mod songs that any of you scooter-boggin' daddies are sure to dig. (Animal-5, P.O. Box 2383, Milford, CT, 06460, USA.)

Entrust Gearbox—3 x 7" Various Artists

Jeez, after hearing from about six people that the new 3 x 7" box set from Estrus was a pile of musical crap, I actually came away liking it! Besides the standard excellent packaging job (full colour box endnote cover from Coop), you get twelve groups from across the nation dabbling in this box's theme: hot-rock tunes.

Though there are some obvious embellishments (Mortals, No-mads—their cover of the Sonics'

"Boss Hoss" simply sucks) the overall garage sounds are a mixture of the Beach Boys/Dick Dale/and Link Wray. Canada's contingent is Calgary's Hueros Rancheros, whose surfer "camorro Grande Pica" the closest I've heard them skirt to that Shadowy Men sound yet. Other cool tracks roar in from Gas Huffer, the Cheater Sickeys and Vacant Lot. And of course I must own anything with the Untamed Youth on it, who cross the finish line with the best song of the lot: the ultra-chic California highway anthem "35396." (Estrus, P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham, WA, 98227-2125, USA.)

The American Scream—4 song EP Final Conflict

Woah. Very hard and very fast razor-Cal-core that's a political ball of hatred, bitterness and contempt. And, yes, descendants, it's still catchy! Good, true hardcore-mosh-rock that cares. But don't go in blind, these guys are not happy and they let you know that fact, fast. Left wing musical diguist of the USA. (Nemesi/Crash Course, P.O. Box 5905, Buena Park, CA, 90622, USA.)

Split 7" Girls/Fiathead

Here's a cool little D.I.Y., "we don't give a..." platter! The Girls start things off in a very primitive, gurgling, jungle garage sound & la, you guessed it, the Girls. A very short tune but they make their point. Where The Girls cut it short, the Fiathead's feature, Fiathead, seem to go on and on. Still a cool punk garage sound, once again primitive in style and grace, delivering their vomit-like tune admirably. However it did begin to drag by about minute 5. Pressed on cool, bubble gum pink vinyl. (No address!)

Hell Beach Party—split 7" Phantom Surfers/roofdofs

An instrumental pack of supreme finesse, starring San Francisco's water spot druids, the Phantom Surfers. Once again they spill more intro-surf intelligence, this time in the form of a Lee Hazlewood cover (!, "El Aguila," and another swanker, thrown in for an extra dash of brilliance, called "Squad Car." The B-side features two from the RoofDofs,

anow defunct, early NW intro group who later became the breathtaking Mono Men. Of the RoofDofs' songs "Cannon Beach" certainly rocks, but as funny as the live version of "Ribbed" might be it still sucks. A fantastic gatefold, full-color sleeve, and yet another collector of rock and roll must-have. (Demolition Records, P.O. Box 18107, Madrid, 28080, Spain.)

Fairlane—4 song EP Kill Sybil

Yet another good band from a great Seattle label. Kill Sybil's soundmixes all sorts of feelings, mood and beats, excises the Velvet Underground plod on one song, and on others stretches into a chaotic Neil Young mindwarp. The foundation of Kill Sybil is based on a listener-friendly, melodic folk-punk sound, but there are moments when the female vocals rise up from the melancholy sound-drive to sound almost like Mark Am! If the powers that be were to ever make *Midnight Cow-*

KILL SYBIL

a great soundtrack recording. Oh yeah, cheat. (Kill Sybil, P.O. Box 12034, Seattle, WA, 98102, USA.)

Kimberley Fadel featuring the Tyrolean Mountain Boys

Here's an interesting find. A friend of mine recently gave this to me because he knew I was "into those old fashioned mini-records." What he gave me was an old 7" of his dad's, who is originally from Kimberley, BC. This is an actual 7" record of songs about Kimberley, BC, set to a waltzy Bavarian yodel backing music. Basically it seems like it's this local guy, M.J. Garriot, who sings these dumb songs about Kimberley ("go to Kimberley, it's that yodel-odd-eh-hee-hoo, town for me!"), with the local combo, the Bavarian-esque Tyrolean Mountain Boys. Pretty funny and historically morose stuff. (Kimberley Records c/o Big Hat Productions, 1461 Nichol Road, White Rock, BC.)

"Lunatic" b/w "Fuck Generator" Lung

Wow. Local sonic-noizters Lung have just released their second 7" on Serial Killer Records of England! An extremely hard-hitting white-noise assault in style and grace, delivering their vomit-like melody, just not enough! This indus-cho-chain-saw! scares the shit out of me! And how about this



for an opinion: a little over produced... And to think, Lung's guitarist used to work at Cape's! Congrats on the fame. (Serial Killer, P.O. Box 2347, Birmingham, England, B23 6OS)

"Suck You Dry" b/w "Disception Pass" Mudhoney

Ok, here we go, Mudhoney's major label debut! And it's on 7" vinyl! Yahoo! I don't actually own this babe yet, but my buddy Cryptic Al Wright reviewed it to me over the phone from his Kitalano townhouse: "Well, Grant, the single's packaging is the first thing that struck me. It's how singles used to be, way back when. Just a white paper sleeve. The label (Reprise/Warner Bros.) is of the old design reminding me of past Reprise artists like Jimi Hendrix and Neil Young!"

But that's just the packaging, Al, what about the sound? "Well, Grant, the first song, 'Suck You Dry,' is a sort of throwback to early

Mudhoney sounds...the Superfuzz

Bigmuft type of stuff. It seems to be back to the chetah Stooges sound again. Flip the bitch, and you hear more of that Billy Childish/mod sound that was prevalent on *Fudge*. It's good, very Uno-esque.

Except for the modest physical presentation, I can safely say that there are no surprises here."

Thanks, Al. (Reprise/Warner Brothers—I don't know the address, go check *Smash Hits*.)

3 song EP Sparkmarker

Hey, hey, Sparkmarker finally got their record out! Simply stated, Sparkmarker are young fresh fellows of the D.I.Y. Fugazi world scene, and proud ambassadors they are. Sparkmarker play angst-filled, fast, emotional rock-core that comes off on vinyl with the same intensity as their live show... GOOD! One also receives the excellent purple package most symbolic of their straight-edged dicks. Besides the purple vinyl, and purple outside sleeve, you also get in little picture sleeve and booklet filled with thought provokin' stories and band facts. And if that ain't all, there's yet another Newdwar audio snippet. All for 3 box, zoids. (Final Notice Records, P.O. Box 1457, Station A, Vancouver, BC, V6C 2P7.)

"Laugh of Cry" b/w "I've Heard It All Before" The Vagabonds

Good, fast, punchy MOD rock and roll from Connecticut (again). Catchy choruses and a wild, frantic beat reminds one of the Who or Small Faces. Completely fab. (Animal-5, P.O. Box 2383, Milford, CT, 06460, USA.)

Special thanks this month to Cryptic Al and Bryce Dain. Keep sending those 7"s to *Discorder* c/o ME! BYE



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UNDER REVIEW

BEAT HAPPENING You Turn Me On (Sub-Pop)

Forget their trendy, low-fi, love-rock-god status, Olympia's Beat Happening have produced one of this year's truly great singles in "Tiger Trap," the first of some minutes of *You Turn Me On*. It's one of those songs that makes you fall in love all over again and has you reaching for a bottle of Muscatel and the rewind button before it's even over.

Unfortunately, the trio fails victim to their own popcraft by offering up this "Tenderhook as a tiger trap! Lost on the edge of a treasure map" before *You Turn Me On* even gets out of the starting gate. The rest of the album is rather exactly "Noice," that herd (most notably "Excel," "God Send" and "Bury the Hammer") that make this song listening all the way through, it's "Tiger Trap" that leaves an inescapable, lasting impression.

Shawn Conner

LAST WILD SONS Heart of the Working Man (88 South)

Before he was served a Havoline coffee and a knuckle-twist, the late Bobby Fuller (accompanied by the Bobbly Fuller Four) made records that authentically reflected his music as played in a live environment. In the dark, phony period of American mid-sixties pop (doo-wop idols, and such), Fuller recorded inside a sidewalk stair-jacket; no overdubs, no instrumentation outside his own musicians' capabilities, that won't when it came time to pop up that stop live.

Fuller's beliefs haven't been lost on Vancouver's Last Wild Sons. Anything they can do in the clubs and roadshows ultimately ends up on *Heart of the Working Man*. The thrust about shared by the Murphy brothers accounts for most of the CD's best moments. Alternating between Gene's rock rap and Darren's country tenor, the Murphys belted eighties songs with Murphy by the case. Lot from the

Flamin' Groovies sweep heard on "Gotta Go To Work," Gene's acidic slide work in "Do These Things," to the Blaster! attack of "True Rocker," the Sons answer all questions and tell no lies about how they really sound.

Ironically, the Sons' willingness to leave things "as is" proves to be a drawback sometimes. Some of the songs could benefit from streamlined arrangements and a little restraint that could turn good songs into great singles. It's eighteen selections, seventy minutes running time and their relentlessness make *Working Man* the actual equivalent of drinking a case of Extra Old Stock in one sitting. That's okay though. You've gotta get fucked up once in awhile.

Rob Hartison

JESUS LIZARD

Liar (Touch 'n' Go)

"Holy hi factory, Batman, this new Jesus Lizard album sure is a scorch!" "Right you are, Robin, if it took the chit right out of Captain Cool, just think of what it could do to the rest of the criminal elite herein Gotham City."

"I can only wait and wonder, Batman."

"Absolutely, Robin."

Byron Dunn

THROWING MUSES

Red Heaven (Sire/Wes)

You won't catch me writing a bad review of a Throwing Muses record. Renaming Muses Kristin Hersh and David Narciso could release an album of INXS covers and I'd find something to like about it. "Sweet Jesus, listen to that vocal phrasing in 'Suicide Blonde!'"

Fortunately, *Red Heaven* features no covers, just plenty of original Hersh compositions. It also represents another step forward for the decade old band, proving that any new releases from the Muses should be hailed as a major event.

Hersh is gifted with one of the

most unique and visionary talents in music today. Bleak and funny, her lyrics explore the thin line between the perverse and mundane, the sacred and profane, between love and hate and heaven and earth. For example: "You're furious/never taught you to sing" ("Furious"). "That sheet metal sound next door is keeping me awake/it's eyes are open and my feet are killing me" ("Die"). "When the ground starts shaking/Watch the gifts inside your home" ("The Vint"). "Let's just say I crawled across the snow/It looks like your left hand" ("Carnival Wig"), which looks good on paper but could be pretty boring if the music wasn't so strong.

"Die" (with awful backup vocals from the Mouldman himself), "Furious" and "The Vint" beautifully rock with the scorching humour that marks Hersh's best work. If I have a complaint it's with the soft middle: "Punk" and "Summer" are sorely in need of ex-Muse Tanya Donnell's melodic guitar riffs. But that's a minor quibble when the rest of the album is as good as this.

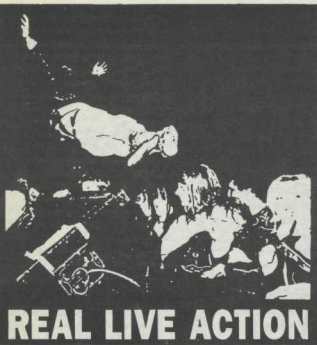
Already, I can hardly wait for their next record, rumored to be a collection of Hersh's grocery lists accompanied by a seventeen-piece orchestra.

Shawn Conner

DANZIG

How the Gods Kill (Def American/WEA)

It seems that my weakened summer sense of reality has caused me to react to this album in quite an unexpected fashion. Has my mind become so desperate for anything remotely lighthearted that even the ever-so-d



Drive Like Jehu
Jack Feels Fine
The Cruel Elephant
Thursday 27, August

"OK people, focus. People...FOCUS, Thanks, here's the scene: you're in a bar, a bar. You're a dark, dark bar. A dark, dark, smoky bar. The crowd is alternative, you are alternative." That's the part you play, that's the part we're playing you for, being alternative. This means that some of you will be acting tough, some of you will be bored, and some of you will be doing drunken crazy things. OK, now follow me people, we have to show Rick and Tammie a good time, that is the purpose of this scene, you'll know what I mean in a minute.

Darryl, bring out Rick and Tammie and you can see by their upscale appearance, the plot of this scene is to scare them.

During the first band, Jack Feels Fine, you will all be fairly happy. Some of you

will be picked out to randomly burn into and burn cigarettes off of Rick and Tammie, squirmed on by the hostile dirge that Jack Feels Fine first master then dwell upon. You know, you're feeling angry and you're feeling numb and...oh, just full of mood! Yea friendly...because you're drunk.

You all look great by the way. Jane, over in wardrobe to the left there, has some shirts she'd like you to put on.

Oh, kay, the crowd is angry, the bands are angry...people, just bear with me people, they are danceable too. You're not all going to get to stand around and scare Rick and Tammie, some of you will be up here and dancing, there's enough people here to get a good solid case of bobbing heads. Some of you are dancing, OK, you're doing the local here footstomping thing for Jack and the boys, and then some more of you come up to the front for Drive Like Jehu. Don't forget the pronunciation

I suspect most of the crowd had only heard "The Statue Got Me High," the single off of the new album, because there were many perplexed looks on their faces when they played their harder stuff like "32 Footstep" and "Boat of Cai".

Some disappointments they sold out of Pezzes and not many people danced with their dates (facinated not many hands this cool that play good dancing time comes out here this often, so it would be nice if some of you chued in). Some cool things they played "Billie Jean" and "Frankenstein". Some pleasing, the asshole who pushed into me, yelling "Play Sabbath!" and the losers who wanted to start a slam pit (getta grrp!). But all in all, a great show!

Moto

The CZ Indian Summer New Music Festival
Moses Lake, WA
Saturday 12, September

Like beer, all forecasts for this festival predicted smooth sailing. With a roster of 18 bands, all of them hard working and respected independents from the northwest region, including: Tiny Hat Orchestra, My Name, Treprose, Sea, Truly, Blackberry, Raye for any Canadian talent?—the stage was set for a down 'til way-past-dusk event of legendary proportions. However, somebody forgot to tell the promoter and the weatherpeople that this was going to require a little cooperation and further coordinating than the drawing of straws.

Traditionally, the term Indian Summer implies an unusually warm autumn so when temperatures plummeted below 0°C with the wind chill a lot of people caught wearing shorts and t-shirts were surprised and cold—the afternoon did not turn out as sunny and mild without a cloud in the sky. Luckily, there was warmth to be found for those of us who had been looking forward to the drawing of straws (body warmth), standing by the concessions (prepare barbecue), or going back to the car (heater). Those few brave and hardy souls who weathered the length of the festival probably caught a lot of cool stuff (cools?), but if the last 4 hours were anything like the first 9 maybe they should've worn home like I did.

We arrived at the Grant County Fairgrounds shortly after 1:00 PM. Fairly good hours late and four bands into the roster, to see these chadlet security gate: "Oh, I'm with (band name here)" and "If you're taking in beer all we require is you give us one and keep it out of sight from the sheriff!" were familiar entrance tactics. Believe me, a lot of people used them and a lot of people there got away with murder. The sheriff, however, wasn't quite as nonchalant with the felons as watching them confiscate and pour out alcohol at a waterfall pace was a common sight. Anyways, I'mj was onstage as we nestled ourselves into the grass, removed from the steadily increasing throngs of people, and they sounded good. Good for a band roosted on top of a flatbed semi-trailer in the middle of an open field with acoustics consisting of grass blades and the downy breath of breeze. To play on the larger of the two stages this was the sacrifice that all the bands offered...sound!

The first band that we saw on

the smaller, enclosed, and acoustically superior stage were old school punkers Moral Crux. While DRI, MDC, Agent Orange and Gang Green have either broken up or traded their talent for a slot in the new school hardcore genre—and they don't do it very well, I might add—Moral Crux play the politically motivated punk of old with a sincere passion. It is easy to see why this band has had such a following.

After a couple of hours of strolling the grounds and dining on corn dogs, German sausages with kraut, and early fries broken up at the large stage for what we thought would be a noisy set from Gnome. In contrast to their opening slot for the Afghan Whigs this year at the Cruel Elephant, Gnome were publically boring as they fumbled through a set all the while asking themselves why indeed they were playing this buttface? Gnome went through the paces, and agreed it was cold out, but few others made it so obvious to the crowd that they would rather not be playing. This was a cue I acted my indifference upon and therefore took a stroll to catch Voodoo Gearsplit on the smaller stage.

Love's Voodoo Gearsplit are definitely a band worth driving across a state to see. I first stumbled onto this band about two years ago, from a friend whom I migrated out to the coast with (Thank's Pukka! Oh yeah, welcome home Tim), and thankfully Voodoo Gearsplit are still at it. They have a new album due out in November and you could do yourself a big favour by adding it to your collection. With a unique version of that start-stutter-stop approach to hardcore, VG spit out a Grade A piece of fried gristle into the eyes of the Melvins, Jane Lizard, and Amphimaniac Reptile Records. Barking on no-fills, no-grinmick, no-guitar-wank feedback and a blurtly intense musical capacity this trio drop the clutch at every given opportunity. This is a must see for heat act who could wipe smot on their sleeve and still make sissy out of all the longhaired noisemakers on the scene today.

At this point we should have left Moses Lake and let Voodoo Gearsplit live on, upon reflection of this trip, at the hallmark. Unfortunately, against better judgement, we stuck around. In retrospect, leaving would have been the smart thing to do, however the reason we went to the CZ Festival was to see the Best Kisser's in the World. This is a group of guys who, singlehandedly, have put the fun back into power pop—not that I miss the early days of the Replacements—with their high school boy charm and adolescent approach to writing about

girls, booze and tarnished relationships.

8:00 PM, the sun had long been down, and the Best Kisserz took to the stage in a caffeine buzz mood that made us all forget about how cold it really was. "Do you guys like free stuff?" was the first question out of their mouths and before we could answer a shower of Best Kisser's CDs rained down upon the heads of the crowd. It's fortunate that so many people go to take home their Sub Pop releases that evening because

they were normally kicked off the stage only had the opportunity to play 6 songs from their forthcoming MCA release. That's right, *kicked off* the stage! By a shockingly ungracious Seattle band by the name of Slam Suzanne, nonetheless. Why this band was permitted to musically masturbate on stage for 15 minutes is anybody's guess but this was the final straw as far as we were concerned.

After having driven 6+ hours to get to this festival, needless to say, we turned our tails upon CZ, Moses Lake and its sad excuse for a music festival and started on our long journey home. The bright side to this whole story is that it wasn't in Seattle or Vancouver because then we'd have a lot more people walking around asking, "Hey, did you go to the CZ Festival? Wasn't it awesome?" Yeah, right. And you just went to my Ministry, right.

Paul T. Brooks

Love Battery
Cruel Elephant
Thursday 17, September

By the time I reached the ominous Elephant, the wee hours were hot on my tail. Therefore, all you avid readers please excuse my sketchy outline of a show seen through rest-deprived eyes.

The festivities began by shutting the heavy front door behind me,

escaping a rush of cold wind for one filled with smoke and gossip. Due to my frequent trips north and too much MudMusic, I fell right at home in the yore gathering. Flashes of plaid and oil resistant socks!

Love Battery were pleasant. For those of you who can only speak Seattle, I'd say their style falls somewhere between the Love Bone and the N-band. Nothing too harsh but grimy (or is it cheetah?), just the same. They were more than the usual background music most clubs seem to provide these days. Although their set length seemed to crawl like a wounded slug, I'm sure it was all in my less than agile mind. Anyway, Love Battery were the type of slug I wasn't tempted to toss (even).

Overall, an enjoyable experience that left me with only the uneasy hazy of questions. Why dramatically all the waitresses glare at me as if I was the one who squished wet gum into the astray and I'd mean all order is a Coke? The mystery continues.

Eddie

Front Line Assembly
86th St.
Friday 18, September

Front Line Assembly should put out an aerobic video: vocalist Bill Losh would be the bouncing instructor, keyboardist Rhys would demonstrate the Vulber horn, and percussionist Chris Peterson would lead the viewers in his human music exercises.

Okay, okay, that's a bit silly, but it illustrates the point that just because F.L.A. uses keyboards it doesn't mean they're a bunch of techno weenies; far from it. The aggressive count was through the roof and the crowd responded, the energy flowing between the crowd and the stage was palpable. I was worried a lot of trendsoids would be a drawback because of the Club 1040 thing, but they were bludgeoned into submission by madly mothing teenage males on testosterone highs.

The sixteen stacked colour TV's at the rear of the stage added a lot of energy with their well edited, fast paced imaging. I mirrored the hectic pace of the music excellently.

The stereotype of electronic musicians pushing a button to start a tape with all the music on it was also dispelled: the songs, (mostly from their latest release *Tactical Neural Implant*), were very different from the recorded versions. And Bill, while drumming, lit up a huge, contented smile because Front Line Assembly got the life they deserve.

June Scudeler

Front Line Assembly





1. PERLIME TREE	PLANT	ZULU
-----------------	-------	------

2	3 LION	PERMPTENT EP	MURDER
3	3 MINISTRY	PSALM 81	WAINES
4	4 VARIOUS	20MCE DOPPELGÄNGER ROCKY...	PRAYDA
5	5 MINISTRY	DISCOURAGE: ISLAND OF CIRCLES	NEITHER
6	6 BABIES IN TONYLAND	POTANELLIE	SEPERSE
7	7 HELMET	MEANTIME	ATLANTIC
8	8 URGE OVERKILL	STULL EP	TOUCH A GUN
9	9 D	BICKS ARE HEAVY	WARNER-BAS
10	10 VIOLETTY GIRL	EP	CARGO-SUB POP
11	11 SLAMMING	HE! TO DEATH IN THE FUTURE HEAD	WARNER
12	12 VARIOUS	A WEEK IN THE REAL WORLD	REAL WORLD
13	13 LOST DANCERS	LAST TRAIN TO KIPPLING	INDEPENDANT
14	14 BUGGLES	ALABAMA WHISKY LAYS	PORCAMPANA
15	15 VARIOUS	ALTERED: A PERSON DELIGHT	CARGO-SUB POP
16	16 VARIOUS	JUNGLE	NEXT UP
17	17 AN DIRANCO	IMPERFECTLY	RIGHTOUS
18	18 FASTBACKS	THE QUESTION NO	CARGO-SUB POP
19	19 THROUING RUBES	RED: HEAVEN	SBS
20	20 POLKA	COR-CORANE SECRET	MISERIE
21	21 TANKROG	TRAIN SONGS	MINI
22	22 VARIOUS	SUPPOSE YOUR JUNG	CARGO-STAPLE GUN
23	23 LABACH	KAPITAL	ELEKTRA-MUSIC
24	24 FI HARRY	INDIGO	INDIGO
25	25 CHUCK CONNELLY	PHENOBARS MAMMALIAN	CARGO-WASH
26	26 HARPING	JAMROCKE	CAROLINE-N
27	27 COTTAGE INDUSTRY	SUPERSTAR	INTERPRED
28	28 DOGROMA	FLAN	CARGO-SHINY DE
29	29 WELSH CHANDRA	WHILE MYING MY ANCESTORS VOICES	REAL WORLD
30	30 INECROTICS	WHISLE MUSIC	INTERPRED
31	31 VARIOUS	CASUAL MYTHOS AUDIO ARCHIVE	WHAT NEEDED

33	ROLAND BEND	HAMMER OF THE ROCK G'DD	BMG-AMAGO
34	VARIOUS	TEN PEARLS	WARNER
35	WEDDING PRESENT	HT PASADENA 1	BMG
36	TEAR GARDEN	THE LAST MAN TO FLY	CAPRICORN-NEWTERR
37	VARIOUS	JUSTICE VS. HANGED	CARGO-ONE HANGED
38	VARIOUS	SINGLES	SONY-PCP
39	WEEN	THE POO	CARPO-SHIMMY DISC
40	CHUMBAWAMBA	SHHH	AGST PROP
41	NAPALM DREAM	UTOPIA BANNED	REALITY
42	SHABBA RANKS	ROUGH AND READY VOL. 1	REAL
43	VARIOUS	1 CIRCUS TROUPE	RYNOC
44	MARTIN SHERSTEN	ACPOPPHYA	SPY-ROCK
45	SONE VELVET SODALUX	AVANCEANCE	CARGO-C
46	STONE GLASS STEEL	INDUSTRIAL MEDICATION	TYPE TAKEN
47	VARIOUS	DEAD TECH 3	CHANEL-HOUSE
48	MEL TOMEK AND CLEO LANE	NOTHING WITHOUT YOU	CONCORD
49	VACANCE TROUPE	BRASS BANDS	CONCORD
50	VARIOUS	ONE LAST ESS	SPINART
51	MEL T. EXPERIENCE	MELK MLK LEMONADE	LOOKOUT

1 STIMMIES "CHESTER"/"C'MON" 7' PERSEVERATOR

OCTOBER 92 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOTHES

1 THE VIVAGRETTES	'I WAS SAVED'
2 THE BAITED ROOSTERS	'TIL BE GOOD'
3 MOVIELAND	'RANT'
4 THE FALCONS	'SHADOWLAND'
5 JACK FELLS FINE	'BETWEEN A CITY'
6 MEET DARY	'RAIN SONG'
7 SEX WITH NIXON	'SWAN THE DECKS'
8 HUEVOS RANCHEROS	'REPTILE'
9 CAUSTIC THOUGHT	'PLANET CLAIRE'
10 AGING YOUTH GANG	'I WANTED YOU'
11 MOIST	'SONG WITH WINGS'
12 PIGMENT VEHICLE	'I AM'
13 FRACAS	'MIND FUNK'
14 BLAME PASCAL	'TURNSTILES'
15 SHE STOLE MY BEER	'THE GORCH LIVES'
16 ELVIS LOVE CHILD	'THIRD EYE'
17 CHROME DOG	'DEUTSCHGEBRECHEN MEISTER'
18 GOAT BOY	'TIBED'
19 JUDY RADUL	'BUCKLE UP'
20 RHYMES WITH ORANGE	'MAYRIN'
21 LOW NOISE	'DOCTORO'
22 SHE STOLE MY BEER	'BUCK ON THE FARM'
23 FOAM	'LET JESUS PUT HIS LOVE DEEP INSIDE YOU'
24 YEDA HILLE	'CONVERSATION WITH THE DEAD'
25 THORNT AND THE BEAT ASSASSIN	'NO MEANS NO'
26 GOSWY	'WEATHER KING'
27 YICCHI	'MY BRAIN'S OKAY'
28 MEET DARY	'LITTLE ZEBRAS'
29 MINISTELS ON SPEED	'HOLE IN MY HEAD'
30 FESTIVE DODGES	'KOBSTINE'
31 WICKED SHIMMING DOG	'FROM HERE TO YOUR GARDEN'
32 HOME MOORE COME	'WRAPPED IN PLASTIC'
33 LAFFING ROCK	'HEAD ON THERE'
34 SNUS EVIL	'BULGARIAN BODY BASH'
35 32 TO BASE	'SOMETIMES Y'

4. LACIO, MARGALIT, AND GORBO. SO-DIAM BIPHENYL. ENGLISH

1	MOJO NIXON & SKID ROPER	BO-DAY-SHUSHI	ENIGMA
2	R.E.M.	DOCUMENT NO.5	I.R.S.
3	VARIOUS	POTATOES	RALPH
4	LIME SPIDERS	THE CAVE COMES ALIVE	VIRGIN
5	LAST EXIT	THE NOISE OF TROUBLE/LIVE	ENEMY
6	YELLOW	ONE SECOND	POLYGRAM
7	ERSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN	RUENF AUF DER NACH...	TORSGO
8	VARIOUS	KICK IT! DEF JAM SAMPLER	DEF JAM
9	ARVO PARTI	ARROS	ECM
10	VARIOUS	LONELY IS AN EYEGORE	4AD

"I knew a man named Bojangles and he'd dance we seemed to be better off. Thanks Mr. Davis.

we seemed to be better off.

I'm interviewing celebrities, sir. You are Sammy Davis Jr. aren't you?
Oh, heavens no. My name is Steven. You must have gotten the wrong number.

Oops. Well, sir, do you dance?
Only after a few too many. Hawhawhaw.
(Just like the real Sammy!)

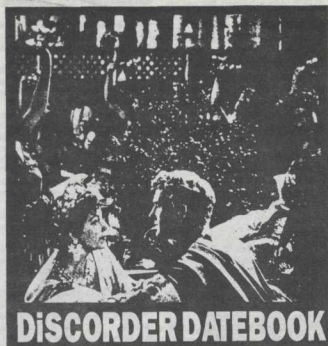
Discorder. It's the UBC radio station's publication. I'll have to look for that.

Thanks Mr. Davis.
Bye-bye.

Well I'll be, no Sammy Davis Jr., but a reasonable facsimile that could sing and dance. Maybe next month we'll hear from Dean Martin or get the whole Rat Pack on a conference call. Cross your fingers. Oh yeah, before I go, this month's alternative tips are for those trying to sound artsy:

- 1) "I painted this one on acid."
- 2) "Don't you think Naked Lunch would make a great book?"
- 3) "My two favorite artists? Well, I like Jim Cummins and this other fellow...I Braineater."

See ya kids, and goodnight Mr. Bojangles.



DISORDER DATEBOOK

THU 1 *Courage of Lassie* with *Bedroom Flowers* and *Zolly Carriere* at the Cruel Elephant... *New Music Across America* continues: *Maarten Allen's Ensemble* and *Michael Ratto Trio* with *Jean Beaudel* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm), *Ken Newby* with *DB Boyko* at the Western Front (5:30pm), *Garbo's Hat* at the Glass Slipper (10pm), *Caroline Arends* with *Rachel Page* of the Railway Club... *Carrie the Untopposable Sex Machine* at 85 Street... *Lowest of the Low* at the UBC Pit Pub... *Morgan Davis* at the Yale... *Billie Split* at Jericho Gym (8pm)... *Prospero's Books* (7pm) and *Edward II* (9:25pm) at the Ridge... *Lecture Presentation: Loraine Chan* on "Moving Beyond the Politics of Containment: Exploring New Territories of Self Definition"; *Two Lies*, *Chink Chinks/American Visions*, *Relocations* of Pacific Cinematheque (7:30pm)...

FRI 2 *The Accused* with *Slow Shut Down* and *Distorted Influence* of the Croul Elephant... *New Music Across America* continues: *Fritz Hauser & Us* *Leimgruber* with *Francis Houle* & *Celeste* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm), *Brick on Brick* at the Western Front (5:30pm), *Paul Daddan* with *Ron Samworth* (10pm) and *Thomas Amiel's Post-Carl Taylor Garage Music Orchestra* (12:30pm) at the Glass Slipper... *Memphis Slick* at the Railway Club... *Morgan Davis* at the Yale... *Billie Split* at Jericho Gym (8pm)... *Vancouver International Film Festival* opens...

SAT 3 *CITR SHINDIG AT THE RAILWAY CLUB AT STUDIO 16*... *Girl Trouble* with the *Festabos* and *God and Taxes* of the Croul Elephant... *New Music Across America* continues: *London Jazz Composers Orchestra* of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm), *Paul Flimley*, *Lisa Ellis*, *Greg Bendson* & *Bruce Freedman* (10pm) and *Simon Picard Quartet* (12:30pm) at the Glass Slipper... *DOA* with *Mr Wrong* plus *Ich* of the Commodore... *Memphis Slick* at the Railway Club... *Morgan Davis* at the Yale... *Answers to Freedom* of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (9pm)... *Billie Split* at Jericho Gym (8pm)... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues... *Decades 92 AIDS Benefit* at the Plaza of Nations...

SUN 4 *New Music Across America* continues: *London Jazz Composers Orchestra* of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm), *Wendie Bartley & Hildegarde Westerkamp* at the Western Front (5:30pm) and *Konrad Bauer Trio* with *Peter Kovard* and *Gunter Sommer* of the Glass Slipper (10pm)... *Green Day* with *The Sweeties* and *Ten Feet Tall* at the Nappy Dugout (5pm, all ages)... *Pat Matheny* at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre... *Billie Split* at Jericho Gym (8pm)... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues... *Tarzan* movie at the Railway Club...

MON 5 *CITR SHINDIG AT THE RAILWAY CLUB WITH DRAG THE RIVER, FINE GRIND, MOVIE LAND*... *New Music Across America* closes: *ISKRA 93* (5:30pm) and *Pauline Oliveros* with *Randy Raine-Reusch & Suat Dempster* (9pm) at the Western Front, *Evon Parker Trio* with *Barry*

Guy and *Paul Lytton* at the Glass Slipper (10pm)... *Morissy* with *Gully Drunk* at the PNE Forum... *Pong* with *Big Chief* at the Commodore... *Michael Coleman* & *Russell Jackson* at the Yale... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues...

TUE 6 *The Islanders* with *Overwhelming Colorful* at the Commodore... *Lowest of the Low* at the Railway Club... *Jamboree* at Club 88... *cruel 70s disco* at the Croul Elephant... *The Man Who Collected a Day in a Year* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues...

WED 7 *Pavement* with *Blaise Pascal* at the Croul Elephant... *Hazel Mace* of the Railway Club... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues...

THU 8 *Green Day* with *Prairie School* and *The Sweeties* at the Croul Elephant... *Fall Folk Underground* at the Railway Club... *State of Mind* at the UBC Pit Pub... *Billie Split* at Jericho Gym (8pm)... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues...

FRI 9 *Rumore Face* of the Croul Elephant... *Rockaway Revue* of the Railway Club... *True Investors/Heavenly Alarming Female* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Billie Split* at Jericho Gym (8pm)... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues...

SAT 10 *Funkace Face* at the Croul Elephant... *Rockaway Revue* of the Railway Club... *\$4-40* with *The Watchmen* at the Commodore... *Ferron CD release party* at the Rockstage (Seattle)... *True Investors/Heavenly Alarming Female* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Billie Split* at Jericho Gym (8pm)... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues...

SUN 11 *Debris Stream* with *Treadmill* and *Tidekicker* at the Nappy Dugout (5pm, all ages) & *Rockaway Revue* of the Railway Club... *Multiplex Chamber Music* "French Fare" at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Billie Split* closes at Jericho Gym (8pm)... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues...

MON 12 *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues... **TUE 13** *cruel 70s disco* at the Croul Elephant... *Panel of Spies* at the Railway Club... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues...

WED 14 *Change of Heart* with *Touch 'n Gas* at the Croul Elephant... *Two Penny Opera* at the Railway Club... *Offmar Liebert* & *Luna Negra* at the Commodore... *Mulgrew Miller Trio* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues...

THU 15 *Babes in Toyland* at the Croul Elephant... *Nick Chisner's Drop Dolls* of the Railway Club... *Los Diamond Phillips* & the *Pipettiers* at the Commodore... *Rymes* with *Orange* at the UBC Pit Pub... *David Lanz* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues...

FRI 16 *CITR PRESENTS KING APPARATUS WITH ROOTS ROUNDUP AT THE UBC SUB BALLROOM*... *Sandy Duncan's Eye* at the Croul Elephant... *Blue Shadows* with *Billy Cowell* & *Jeff Halcher* at the Railway Club... *Fifth Avenue* with *Above Ground* at the Glass Slipper... *Octoberfest* at the Commodore... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues...

SAT 17 *Thinking Fellers Union Local 282* with *Sun City Girls* and *The Vinylgrilles* of the Croul Elephant... *Del Amiri* with *San Blossoms* of 85 Street... *Octoberfest* at the Commodore... *Blue Shadows* with *Billy Cowell* & *Jeff Halcher* at the Railway Club... *Jack Duncan's Shongo Ashe* with *Kathy Kidd* & *Kongo Mamba* at the Glass Slipper... *Foal Fools* of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Vancouver International Film Festival* continues...

SUN 18 *CITR PRESENTS COAL CD RELEASE PARTY AT \$5/\$5/\$5/\$5*... *Sandy Duncan's Eye* with *Rusty Walls* and *100 Tongues* of the Nappy Dugout (5pm, all ages)... *Foal Fools* of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Vancouver International Film Festival* closes...

MON 19 *CITR SHINDIG AT THE RAILWAY CLUB WITH HONEY, NOISE FLOOR, SICKO*... *Culture* at the Commodore... **TUE 20** *cruel 70s disco* at the Croul Elephant... *The Vinylgrilles* of the Railway Club...

WED 21 *Wyckham Porteus* at the Railway Club... *Photograph* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Vancouver International Writers (& Readers) Festival* opens on Granville Island...

THU 22 *Fun for Mooka* with *One Eyed Jacks* and *Big Tall Gordon* at the Croul Elephant... *Wyckham Porteus* at the Railway Club... *Johnny Winter* at the Commodore... *Photograph* (8:30pm) at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Lecture Presentation: Roy Miki and Ron Yamauchi* on "Reclaiming Japanese Canadian Experience: Creating a Space for Artistic Acts"; *The Last Harvest*, *Minors: Memory* of *Edie* at Pacific Cinematheque (7:30pm)... *Vancouver International*

Writers (& Readers) Festival continues on Granville Island... **FRI 23** *The Theatistics* of the Railway Club... *Chris Houston* & *His Evil Tring* with *The Dash Board Soldiers* at the Croul Elephant... *Octoberfest* at the Commodore... *Jello* full at the Orpheum... *Chile in a Mirror: A Week of Contemporary Chilean Cinema* opening night reception (7pm), *The Moon in the Mirror* (8pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... *Vancouver International Writers (& Readers) Festival* continues on Granville Island...

SAT 24 *The Rotted Rooters* with *Monkey Business* at the Croul Elephant... *Loose at the Railway Club*... *Octoberfest* at the Commodore... *Kathy Kalk* & the *Good Old Passes* (2pm) at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Chile in a Mirror: The Moon in the Mirror* (7:30pm) and *Tollie* or *Mini* (9pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... *Vancouver International Writers (& Readers) Festival* continues on Granville Island...

SUN 25 *Spartan* with *Pearl Gallery* at the Nappy Dugout (5pm, all ages)... *Kate Clinton* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Chile in a Mirror: Tollie or Mini* (7:30pm) and *The Return Spot* (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... *Vancouver International Writers (& Readers) Festival* closes on Granville Island...

MON 26 *CITR SHINDIG AT THE RAILWAY CLUB WITH BLAISE PASCALA, WOOD WOODS, LITTLE PUSH MACHINE*... *Photograph* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Chile in a Mirror: One Hundred Children* and *Something is Out There* (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

TUE 27 *cruel 70s disco* at the Croul Elephant... *Cive Pig* at the Railway Club... *Photograph* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Chile in a Mirror: Tales About Lizards* (7:30pm) and *Late* (9pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

WED 28 *Agling Youth* with *Ten Feet Tall* and *Van Hooligans* at the Croul Elephant... *Cive Pig* at the Railway Club... *Photograph* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Chile in a Mirror: Something is Out There* (7:30pm) and *Angels* (9:05pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

THU 29 *The Soldiers* at the Railway Club... *Photograph* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *Chile in a Mirror: One Hundred Children* and *Rain Cloud* (7:15pm) and *The Moon in the Mirror* (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

FRI 30 *Canvial Ad* at the Croul Elephant... *The Soldiers* at the Railway Club... *Photograph* at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... *A Panorama of Contemporary Chilean Cinema* opens at Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 31 *MDC with Mystery Machine* at the Croul Elephant... *Hollowe'en Bash* at the Railway Club...

VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES

Alma Street Cafe = 2505 Alma (at Broadway)
Backstage = Ballard, Seattle
Cafe Bergman = 52 Powell Street (Gastown)
Cafe Djanog = 1184 Denman Street (at Davie)
Commodore Ballroom = 670 Granville Street (Granville Mall)
Cruel Elephant = 213 North Cordova Street (Gastown)
86 Street = Plaza of Nations (BC Enterprise Centre)
Glass Slipper = 185 East 11th Avenue (at Main)
Isadora's = 1540 Old Bridge (Granville Island)
Latin Quarter = 1305 Commercial Drive
Maximum Blues Pub = 1176 Granville Street (at Davie)
Nappy Dugout = 1248 Seymour (at Davie)
Paradise Cinema = 919 Granville Street (Granville Mall)
Park Theatre = 3440 Canal Street
Pit Pub = basement, Student Union Building (UBC)
Queen Elizabeth Theatre = Hamilton at Georgia Street
Railway Club = 579 Dunsmuir Street (at Seymour)
Ridge Cinema = 3131 Arbutus at 16th
Sandy Cove = 1554 Marine Drive, West Vancouver
Smash Gallery = 160 West Cordova Street (at Cambie)
Speedy O'Tubbs = Fairview, Bellingham
Starlight Cinema = 935 Denman Street
Town Pump = 66 Water Street (Gastown)
Vancouver East Cultural Centre = 1895 Venables Street (at Victoria)
Varsity Theatre = 4375 West 10th Avenue
Waterfront Theatre = 1405 Anderson Street (Granville Island)
Western Front = 323 East 8th Avenue
WISE Club = 1882 Adelaide Street (at Victoria)
Yale = 1300 Granville (at Drake)

THE BLANK GENERATION



LUVAFAIR cabaret



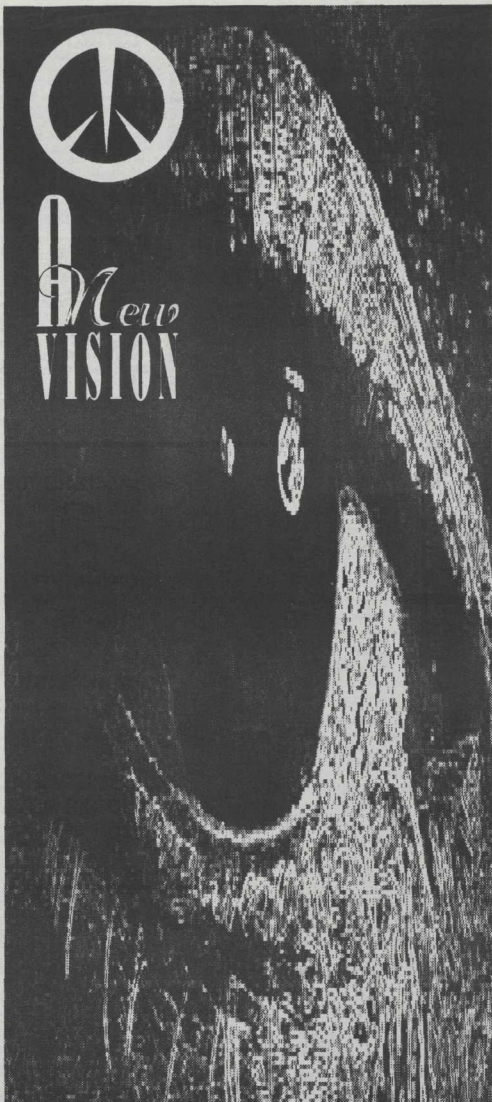
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Sat 10:30 - 6:30
Sun 12:00 - 6:00



New Tunes At Zulu

Medicine

- Shot Forth Self Living

14.98
IMPORT

Dig the new breed we say! After a hot EP on the renowned Creation Label (the label that sprung The Jesus and Mary Chain, My Bloody Valentine, Ride and others onto the world) comes the debut album from Medicine. Similar to the current run of loud guitar/ambient noise bands, Medicine may be a little harder to take than the syrupy sounds of Curve, but as your mother would say, "It's good for you".

- Sweet Oblivion

14.98

The kings of Northwest Psyche-rock are back with their seventh stellar release, produced by the semi-legendary Don Fleming. Last year's great "Uncle Anaesthesia" preceded current trend of Seattle mania and was perhaps unjustly overlooked by the press. This could be their breakthrough LP.

Eugenius

- Oomalama

AVAILABLE 1st WEEK
IN OCTOBER

14.98
IMPORT

Forced by Marvel Comics to change their name from "Captain America", Eugenius (who, in another life, were the infamous Vaseline) have released a collection of pure pop hits. Somewhat reminiscent of Teenage Fanclub, Oomalama contains the great singles "Flame On" and "Wow" in addition to new exciting hit explosions.

Consolidated

- Play More Music

14.98

Hip hop for the politically aware. Consolidated pull no punches on this, their third release. If you be diggin' the sounds of the Disposable Heroes, Basehead, and other like-minded groups check this out. "It may be the only record you'll need this year" (although we hope not).

Happy Mondays

- Yes Please

14.98

The pill-poppin', cognac-swillin', NME-cover-makin' lords of excess are back with their working class version of what the heavily-hyped Manchester beat is all about. Produced by Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth (Tom Tom Club, Talking Heads), "Yes Please" is sure to have folks as oblivious to reality as "Tills, Thrills and Belyaches" did.

Nine Inch Nails

- Broken

12.98
IMPORT

It seems like every day someone asks "When is the new Nine Inch Nails going to be out?" Up until now you've had to settle for remixes (there are now ten versions of "Head Like A Hole"). Well, it's not a new album, but it is six songs of new material, so LEAVE US ALONE ALREADY!

Furnaceface

- Just Buy It

12.98

The debate rages on — does humour belong in music? Canada's Furnaceface says "yes" with a strong adventurous debut LP. Punky, funky, and funny — what more do you want? "Just buy it".



Local CD Bust- Out!



Lately, there have been more independent releases from Vancouver bands than at any time over the past few years. Here's a short list of some recent

recommendations ...

Jack Feels Fine 12.98

- Jack Feels Fine

Memory Day 14.98

- Jenkins Farm

Happy Man 12.98

- Born To Entertain

Video Barbeque 14.98

- Maximalism

Perfume Tree 14.98

- Dust

Roots Round Up 14.98

- What We Do

Last Wild Sons 14.98

- Heart Of The Workin' Man

Jungle 10.98

- Various Artists



OCT
1992

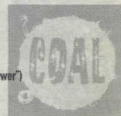
Events Not To Be Missed!

COAL

Zulu Records CD/Video Release Party

Sunday, October 18
Arts Club Revue Theatre
(Granville Island)
Doors Open 9pm
Tickets at the door

- Two Short Films "Bailek" & "The Widower"
- Video Premiere — "No Angel"
- Performance by Coal



CUB

In-Store Performance

Friday, October 16
Zulu Records
4:30pm

Playing songs from their new 6-song Mint Records 7" EP "Pep".
Autograph session follows performance!



PERFUME TREE

Dance Party

Saturday, October 3
Studio 16 (1545 W 7th)
9:00pm to 3:00am

Dance party featuring Perfume Tree with DJ Daryl A & MC 900ft Susi. video by Truth Channel, live visuals by Kathryn, big sound mix by Gang Fury & The Tribal Sex Cult
Tickets \$6 at all the usual outlets, including Zulu Records
Admission limited to 19 yrs+



All sale prices in effect until October 31/92